

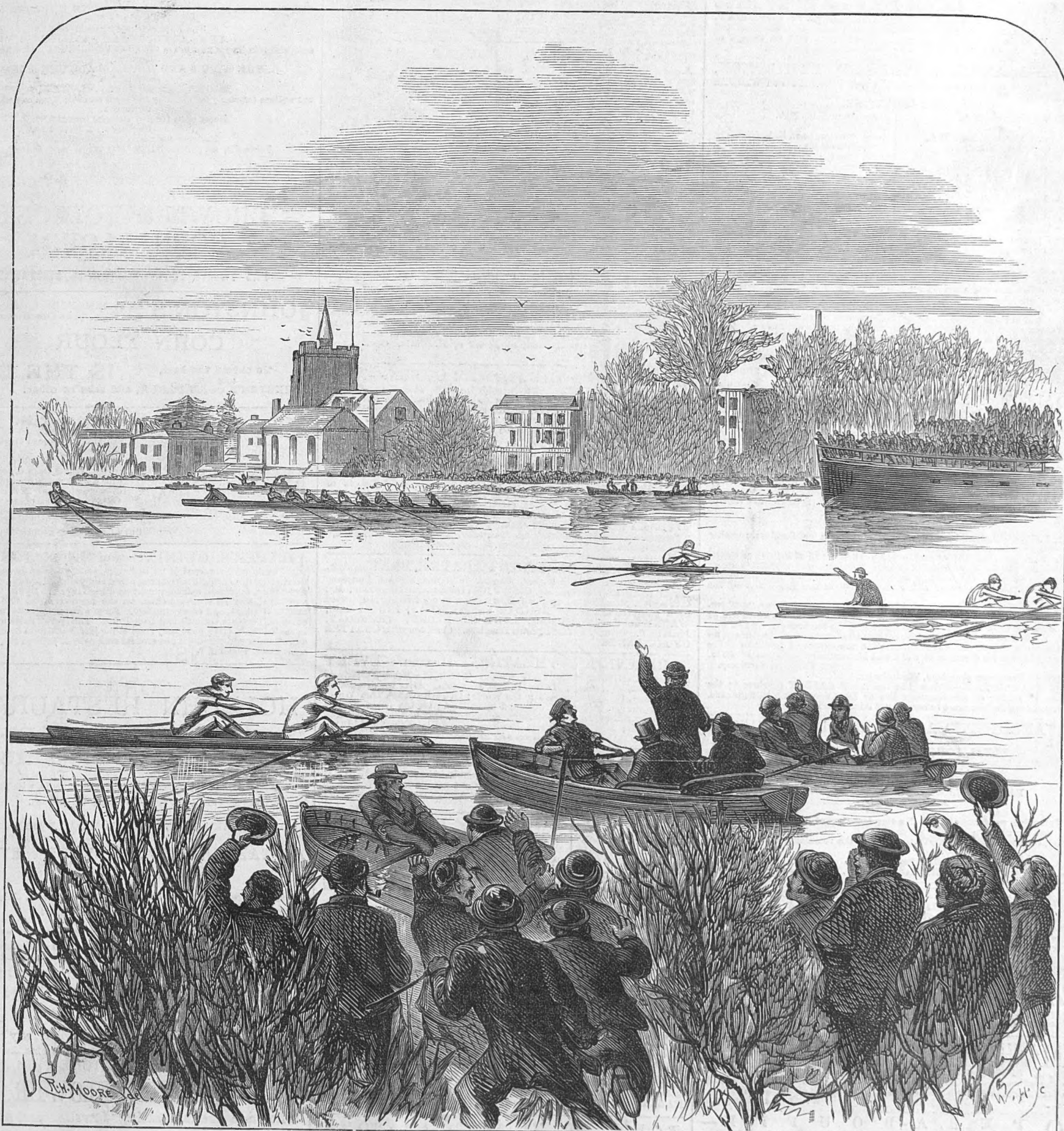
THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 91.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

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THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP BETWEEN SADLER AND BOYD.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WARWICK RACES, NOV. 23 to 25, INCLUSIVE.
Ordinary Trains leave Paddington at 6, 7, and 10 a.m., and 12.50, 3.30, 5, and 6.30 p.m. for LEAMINGTON and WARWICK, and return at frequent intervals daily.
On Tuesday, Nov. 23, a Special Fast Train for WARWICK will leave Paddington at 9.5 a.m., and return from Warwick to Paddington at 5.20 p.m. on the following Friday.
For further particulars see Handbills.
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—EXTRA TRAINS—

A New Express-Train, consisting of First-Class Carriages, and including a PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR, will run Every Weekday, between Victoria and Brighton, as under:—

A.M.		P.M.	
VICTORIA	dep. 10.45	BRIGHTON	dep. 5.45
BRIGHTON	arr. 11.58	VICTORIA	arr. 6.58

This Train will convey Passengers at the usual Express Fares each way, a small extra charge being made for the Pullman Drawing-Room Car.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-

Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.
Fare, there and back, First Class, 10s. Returning same day by any First-Class Train, including a Special Train at 8.30 p.m.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY

SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 12 noon, calling at Croydon (East).
Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—The

Collection of FISHES and other Aquatic Animals in this magnificent Establishment is unequalled for variety, rarity, and the number and size of the specimens exhibited. Sterlet, mackerel, &c., can here, and nowhere else, be seen in captivity.

THE FANCY DRESS POLO and HUNT BALL

will take place in the BRIGHTON PAVILION on THURSDAY, DEC. 2, under the auspices of the International Polo Club and of forty leading Masters of Hounds. Programmes sent on receipt of directed envelope by the Ball Secretary, Bedford Hotel, Brighton.

FIRST ANNUAL FINE-ART EXHIBITION,

1876, of the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN.

ART COMMITTEE.

J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A.	R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A.
The Earl of Clarendon.	Lord Alfred Paget.
W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A.	Henry Weekes, Esq., R.A.
Lord de Lisle and Dudley.	Lord Skelmersdale.
E. W. Wyon, Esq.	E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A.
General Cotton, C.S.I.	S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A.
G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A.	H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A.
G. A. Cruikshank, Esq.	E. J. Coleman, Esq.
F. A. Marshall, Esq.	J. R. Planché, Esq.
Baron Alfred Rothschild.	The Earl of Dunraven.
Lord Carrington.	Lord Newry.
Tom Taylor, Esq.	Joseph Durham, Esq., A.R.A.

The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited, as also the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best Water Colour Painting, and the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best piece of Sculpture. Five Silver Medals and Five Bronze Medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art-Committee for award for special merit. No Work of Art which is not bona fide the property of the artist is eligible for a prize.

The Executive have instituted an Art Union, and prizes to the amount of £3000 will be distributed among Fellows and Season-Ticket Holders, and these prizes will be selected mainly from the Society's Galleries.

The Society will be PREPARED TO RECEIVE WORKS OF ART on and after DEC. 10 next.

Intending exhibitors can obtain a copy of the rules and regulations on application to the Secretary of the Art Committee, Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

BALLOT of FELLOWS.—The last BALLOT of

FELLOWS in the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY, previous to the raising of the entrance-fee, will take place on Dec. 1. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of joining the Society should at once send to the Secretary for application forms. Fellows are entitled to a ticket in the Art-Union of the Society, the first prize in which will be of the value of £1000.

Skiing-Rink.

The executive have great pleasure in announcing that, in addition to the numerous other attractions of the building, a site has been secured on which a Skiing-Rink will be opened. This Rink will be reserved on three days of the week for the exclusive use of the Fellows.

Privileges of Fellows.

1. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.
2. All Fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows or by the Executive for the time being will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the reading-rooms and library, and a ticket free in the Art-Union of the Society.
3. Three Special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.
4. By the rule incorporated in the articles of association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £5 5s. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices, Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—This will be the LAST BALLOT previous to the proposed raising of the Entrance Fee or Donation from 5 to 8 guineas. Forms of application must be sent in not later than Dec. 1.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD FAT CATTLE

SHOW.
ROYAL POMONA PALACE, MANCHESTER,
NOV. 19, 20, 22, and 23.

GRAND EXHIBITION AND BAZAAR
OF
FARM IMPLEMENTS, CARRIAGES, AND OTHER
DOMESTIC ARTICLES.

Intending purchasers will find a very large assortment from the leading Manufacturers, at reasonable prices.
Admission, FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 2s. 6d.; the remaining three days, One Shilling.

Catalogues, by post, One Shilling.
M. H. CHADWICK, 4, St. Mary-street, Manchester.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.

PORTRAIT MODELS of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenealy, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 800 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN

DAILY (except Sunday), Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are four Tiger cubs, presented by Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN

LARGE HALL.—DAILY, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. In addition to the other novelties, has recently been added the extraordinary feat of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body over the heads of the audience in the middle of the hall and as high as the lofty dome.

W. MORTON, Manager.

O P E R A - B O U F F E .—

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT

in the great Irish Drama SHAUGHRAUN, illustrated with beautiful scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the WHITE HAT. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Farce, in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton, A HAPPY MEDIUM, supported by Messrs. C. Warner, Everill, Weathersby; Miss Minnie Walton, Miss M. Harris, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled MARRIED IN HASTE. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter. Morning performance, Saturday next, Nov. 27.

LYCEUM.—MACBETH.—EVERY EVENING

at 8. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe). Preceded, at 7, by THE WEDDING DAY. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5. Booking fees abolished. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, TWO TO ONE. At 7.45, WEAK WOMAN.—Messrs. Terry, Cox, Stephenson, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, LOO.—Messrs. Terry, Cox, Marius; Mesdames Venne, F. Hughes, Jones, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8, the highly successful Comedy, by Hamilton Auld, A NINE DAYS' WONDER. Characters by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Hollingshead; Mr. Kendal, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Preceded by A MORNING CALL.—Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. To conclude with UNCLE'S WILL.—Miss Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

Enormous Success of "Our Boys."
At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. EVERY NIGHT, at 8. Signor Arditi, Conductor. Last week of the present season. Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Joyce Naas, and Mr. Pearson every night. Signor Tito Mattei (the eminent pianist) every night. Band of 100 Performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards. Last night of the season, Monday, Nov. 29, for the Benefit of Messrs. Gatti. PROMENADE, ONE SHILLING. Stalls, 3s.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. to £3 3s.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE, Park-street,

Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park.—On MONDAY, NOV. 22, will be produced the highly successful Comedy of SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES, after which Hervé's celebrated Opéra-Bouffe entitled CHILPERIC, in which Miss Emily Soldene will appear in the title rôle, supported by a most powerful and talented combination of artistes. The Orchestra, Chorus, Costumes, and mise en scène will be equal in every respect to any hitherto seen in London. Mlle. Sara in a Grand Hungarian Divertissement at 10. Boxes, Stalls, and Seats can be engaged now. No fee for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE.
SPECTRESHEIM, a success unparalleled.—William Rignold, H. Walsham, J. H. Jarvis, Frank Hall, and Harry Paulton; Katherine Munro, Marion West, and Emma Chambers. The Majiltons, the Trois Diables, in their astonishing performance, causing the utmost amount of amazement and enthusiasm. Splendid Band, conducted by M. Jacobi. Open at 6.45 nightly. ALHAMBRA.

ALHAMBRA.—THE FLOWER QUEEN.—NEW

GRAND BALLET D'ACTION by M. LAURI. Magnificent Scenery by Albert Calcott. Gorgeous Costumes by Miss Fisher, from designs by Alfred Maltby. Novel Mechanical Effect by Sloman and Son.—Milles. PITTI, PERTOLDI, and upwards of One Hundred Corps de Ballet. Music selected, arranged, and composed by M. JACOBI.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing on the Monstre Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week, to commence, at 7, with the successful Drama of SENTENCED TO DEATH; or, Paid in His Own Coin, by Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettitt. Messrs. Geo. Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Inch, &c. VIOLETTA. To conclude with "The Duke's Crest." On Wednesday conclude with "Temptation and Atonement." On Thursday, "How we live in London," "Nicholas Nickleby." Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Magnificently Redecorated. Mr. CRESWICK, the eminent Tragedian; Mr. C. Creswick, Miss Eloise Juno, and Miss Ashton Every Evening, supported by a powerful company. MONDAY and TUESDAY, KING LEAR; WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, LADY OF LYONS; THURSDAY, HAMLET. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. Conclude with CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—EVERY

EVENING, at 6.45, THE SWISS CHURCH.—Messrs. Charlton, Reeve, Bell, Fox, Parry; Milles. Bellair, Summers. After which Admiral Tom Trump, the Smallest Man in the World; La Petite Grace, Tom Ward, Sisters Howes, J. F. Bryan. Followed by PERLA; or, the Court Bell(e). Written by E. Manuel, Esq.—Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Hyde; Miss Adams; Mrs. Newham. Conclude with A SHADOW ON THE HEART.—Milles. Adams and Rayner.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE.—The great and magnificent Spectacle, MAZEPPA, the Wild Horse of Tartary, never received the same amount of patronage under any other management, the great Amphitheatre being nightly crowded.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE.—Buses, Trams, Boats, and Railways from all parts of London and the suburbs to Westminster Bridge, within one minute's walk to the doors of this most fashionable and elegant Theatre. The Circus, the Hippodrome, the great Contortionist Gymnasts, and the great Dramatic Company appear nightly, the performances terminating at 10.35 p.m. Observe! The most gorgeous spectacle of MAZEPPA—Miss LISA WEBER in the great character of Mazeppa.

Box-office open daily, from 10 till 4, under the superintendence of Mr. Drysdale. No charge for booking, and no fees for officials. Open every evening at 6.30; commence at 7. Private Boxes, 1 to 5 gns.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Pit Stalls and Boxes, 2s.; Upper Circle, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.—Sole Proprietors, J. and G. SANGER.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—In consequence of the crowded

state of the Theatre, and constant demand for seats, the Management beg to announce TWO more SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCES of MAZEPPA and Scenes in the Circle—viz., MONDAY, NOV. 22, and SATURDAY, NOV. 27, commencing at 2 o'clock each day.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTER-

TAINMENT.—A SPANISH BOND, a Financial Romance, by Gilbert A'Beckett, Music by German Reed; after which a MUSICAL SKETCH, by Mr. Corney Grain, and A TALE OF OLD CHINA, by F. C. Burnand, Music by J. L. Molloy. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, may be obtained on SALE (three years' system) or HIRE from 15s. per month.—13, Wigmore-st., W. Manufactories, the Brinsmead Works, Grafton-road, London, N.W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week

ending NOV. 27, 1875.
TUESDAY, NOV. 23.—First Play of new series, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, "Man o' Airlie"—Mr. Hermann Vezin.
THURSDAY, NOV. 25.—English Play.
SATURDAY, NOV. 27.—Concert and Distribution of Prizes to London Rifle Brigade, by Lady Mayoress.
Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING NOV. 22.

MONDAY.—Buatier, the Great Prestidigitateur.
TUESDAY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE in his two popular pieces, OFF THE LINE and ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.
WEDNESDAY.—Buatier.
THURSDAY.—Miss E. FARREN and the Gaiety Theatre Company.
FRIDAY.—Buatier.
SATURDAY.—Fifth SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT—Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Rendano (Solo Pianoforte). Last day of Crystallum Show.
The entire building heated to an agreeable temperature.
Admission, One Shilling; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MR.

SOTHERN'S

PROVINCIAL TOUR.

MANCHESTER, Princess's Theatre Nov. 8 to .. 20.
DUBLIN, T. R. " 22 to Dec. .. 4.
BELFAST, T. R. Dec. 6 to .. 18.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Performing EVERY EVENING, at 8; and on

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.

The universally celebrated

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND

MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN EXISTENCE,

NOW IN THE

ELEVENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR OF ONE UNBROKEN SEASON

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Company is composed of

UPWARDS OF FORTY ARTISTES,

comprising in its ranks some of the finest Vocalists and Instrumentalists in

England.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS

are written expressly for them by the most eminent Authors and Composers

of the age.

Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30.

Evening " 7.30.

No fees; no charge for Programmes.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

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To obtain the best, IS THE BEST.

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR, and take no other.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate

aroma, and a rare concentration of

the purest elements of nutrition,

distinguish the MARAVILLA

COCOA above all others."—Globe.

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London, Sole Proprietors.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a

weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

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HOLBORN RESTAURANT,

218, HIGH HOLBORN,

ONE OF THE SIGHTS & ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF LONDON.

Attractions of the chief Parisian Establishments, with the quiet

and order essential to English customs.

DINNERS AND LUNCHEONS FROM DAILY BILL OF FARE.

A TABLE D'HOTE EVERY EVENING

from 6 to 8.30, 3s. 6d.,

Including two Soups, two kinds of Fish, two Entrées, Joints, Sweets,

Cheese, Salad, &c., with Dessert.

THIS FAVOURITE DINNER IS ACCOMPANIED BY A SELECTION OF HIGH-CLASS

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC. COFFEE, TEA, CHESS, AND SMOKING ROOMS.

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LONDON "HALL-MARKED" 18-CARAT

GOLD JEWELLERY.

CHAINS at £3 10s. per oz., 20s. Fashion, any pattern.

LOCKETS, plain, weighing 1 oz., any size, £4 10s.

WATCHES, silver, £2. WATCHES, gold, £4.

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Wholesale Manufacturing Jeweller and Goldsmith,

81, KING HENRY'S-ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

E. W. STREETER's late Manager of the Jewellery Department since 1866.

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MR. STREETER,

18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.,

having completed extensive and important additions to the various machines used by him in the manufacture of

GOLD ORNAMENTS,

will supply, at greatly reduced prices for cash on delivery, the following articles:

18-CARAT GOLD WATCH-CHAINS,

For LADIES or GENTLEMEN, any Pattern, at

£4 5 per Ounce.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS (PLAIN),

For One or Two Portraits, any Size, at

£5 per Ounce.

MR. STREETER

also calls attention to

THE ENGAGED RING,

Set with Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, or Sapphire,

FOR £5.

OUR SPORTING CALENDAR.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19.—Shrewsbury Meeting (last day). Sheppy Club Coursing Meeting opens. Three Counties Union (Combermere), West Herefordshire (Bredwardine), and North Norfolk Coursing Meetings. Renfrewshire Club Coursing Meet (last day). Manchester and Salford Fat Cattle Show (four days). Balliol College (Oxford) Sports concluded. Pembroke College (Cambridge), open event, Mile Handicap.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20.—London Athletic Club Meeting at Lillie-bridge. King's and Third Trinity College (Cambridge)—Open event, 880-Yards Handicap. South London Harriers' Annual Dinner. Surrey Athletic Club Handicap Steeplechase. Hercules and Sons of the Thames Rowing Clubs, Eight-Oared Match, Putney to Barnes. Dark Blue Bicycle Club, at headquarters, 1.30 p.m. Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Queen's Bridge for Longstowe. Football—At Haileybury, the College (Past v. Present); at Victoria Park, St. Thomas's v. University College Hospitals; Middlesex Hospital v. King's College; at Vincent-square, Westminster School v. Clapham Rovers; at Richmond, Ravenscourt Park v. Richmond.

MONDAY, NOV. 22.—Messrs. Tattersall's Sale at Albert-gate. North Norfolk, Sprinkell, and Barnton Club Coursing Meetings commence. Manchester Cattle Show continued. Queen's College (Cambridge)—Open event, 120-Yards Handicap. Oriel College (Oxford) Sports.

TUESDAY, NOV. 23.—Warwick Races (opening day). North Norfolk, Springkell, and Barnton Club Coursing Meetings (last day); Upleathen and South Essex Club Coursing Meeting. London Athletic Club Assault of Arms, at St. James's Hall, 8 p.m. Trinity College (Cambridge) Athletic Sports begin. Manchester Cattle Show (last day).

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24.—Warwick Races (second day). North of England Coursing Club (Eslington) Meeting (first day). Trinity College (Cambridge) Sports (last day). Cambridge Bicycle Club's run, Castle Hill for St. Ives. Oakham Poultry Show (first day).

THURSDAY, NOV. 25.—Warwick Races (third day). Quex Park, Patshull, and Kirkgunzeon Coursing Meetings commence. North of England Coursing Club's Meeting (last day). Jesus College (Cambridge) Sports—Open event, 150-Yards Handicap. Athletic Display by the German Gymnastic Society at the Gymnasium, King's-cross, 8 p.m. Oakham Poultry Show (last day). Dumfries Poultry Show (first day).

FRIDAY, NOV. 26.—Warwick Races (last day). Quex Park, Patshull, and Kirkgunzeon Coursing Meetings continued. Jesus College (Cambridge) Sports concluded. Pembroke College (Oxford) Sports (first day). Dumfries Poultry Show (last day).

SATURDAY, NOV. 27 to DEC. 2.—Birmingham Cattle, Dog, and Poultry Shows.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27.—Pembroke College, Oxford, Sports concluded. Clare College (Cambridge)—Open event, 150-Yards Handicap. Cambridge University Bicycle Club—Railway Bridge for Linton. Surrey Athletic Club—Short run and Club Supper. Spartan Harriers—Slow run. Railway Clearing-House Harriers—Slow run over Steeplechase Course. South London Harriers—Cross-country run. Cheshire Tally-Ho Hare and Hounds, at Weston-super-Mare. East Somerset Athletic Society.

THE ILLUSTRATED**Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

Circular Notes.

ISLINGTON, which declines to establish a free library and entertains an insuperable repugnance to baths and wash-houses, has been "manifesting" against the recurrence of Promenade Concerts in its own merry way. What Miss Blanche Cole is to the audience at Covent Garden Miss Annie Adams is to the crowd at the Agricultural Hall. Each vocalist is irresistible in her own peculiar sphere. On Saturday night the queen of serio-comics, otherwise Miss Annie Adams, inspired by the presence of a most enthusiastic audience, sang the touching refrain of "Pom-Pom" in a way that had, perhaps, never been heard before—even at the Opera. This proved too much for the crowd, who vociferously recalled their favourite cantatrice. She, however, calmly but firmly declined to gratify the wishes of her worshippers. She would not come on; and—listen to the lamentable legend; hearken to the voice of the *Islington Gazette*:—"A gentleman advanced on the platform, but, being met with groans and hisses, and cries of 'Why don't you pay her for another song?' he retired, and the horse-play commenced. A ticket-box, wherein a man sat to receive the extra payments for reserved seats, was dislodged, overturned, and rolled about the building. [What became of the man?] The roughs then tried to pull down the wicket through which the reserved seat ticket-holders passed; but, as this made a sturdy resistance, they formed themselves into a body, and, at a signal from one of the ringleaders, tried to batter it down by a succession of rushes. While this was going on a policeman came forward, and was immediately surrounded and hustled about amidst shouts and cheers. The surging crowd thereupon swayed over to the drinking-buffet, when some of the participants of the riot jumped upon the counter. The police were sent for from outside, but before they arrived the crowd had swayed against a stall where a man had been exhibiting moving figures, which were speedily wrecked. Presently the police put in an appearance in force, and 'ran-out' one of the ringleaders, which seemed to have a salutary effect upon the crowd. The concert shortly after terminated, and no more disturbances took place, although some of the gentlemen who had evidently been participating in the mêlée (judging from their hatless and disorderly condition) showed signs of a willingness to recommence on the slightest provocation." It is sad to think that but a few short weeks back it was the dulcet-voiced Sankey, and not the worldly-minded if mellifluous Adams, that charmed a surging crowd in the Agricultural Hall.

America, which recently produced a man-eating tree, can now boast of a mighty hunter before the Lord, to whom Captain Bogardus is not so much as a circumstance. His name is Franklin Adelbert Ham Winkle. His native State is Pennsylvania. His favourite game is partridges,

and, strange as it may appear, "he formerly used a gun. On one of his excursions, however, having discovered a partridge in a hemlock-tree and fired thirteen times at it without hitting it, he picked up a stone and at the first throw brought down his game. He at once gave his gun to a poor blind boy, and ever since hunts with stones. When he goes into the woods he fills his pockets with well-selected ammunition. When he puts up a bird he barks like a fox. The bird at once trees, and his fate is sealed." Obviously. Whether the fate of the narrator of the above story ought not likewise to be sealed is a matter deserving of the gravest consideration.

Poor dear! He is nothing but skin and bone and picturesque attire. He is suffering from starvation. He has made up his mind to die in gaol. (It may be as well to mention that we refer to "Sir Roger," who, according to the papers, is now in a most critical state, owing to a bad attack of the classics, and a recent visit from Dr. Kenealy.)

It is never too late to mend. Dr. Vellère, repenting him of his manifold sins and transgressions as a dramatic author, does mechanical penance in a sheet—of the *Daily Telegraph*. He has been advanced from the ranks of the great unacted to a position of distinction in the *Telegraph's* inventors' column. Behold him!—

DR. VELLÈRE'S INSINUATOR.—A pocket-patent silver-gilt watch, with a double dial, indicating by two sets of hands the time on each side. Very convenient for members of West-End clubs, racing, and other purposes, in which time is required to be fixed and corroborated.—Sole Manufacturer, NORRIS, High-street, Notting-hill.

Why "Insinuator," Dr. Vellère? Because the watch is double-faced?

"It's coming; yes, it's coming." Do not be alarmed. It is not another shower of American humourists, nor a marvellous tenor, nor a new book on chess by the editor of "Potterings by the Way." It is neither more nor less than "A Spelling Bee." Intrepid explorers of the remote suburbs of this vast metropolis, now is the time to make discoveries. Gird up your loins, and turn your faces northwards—that is to say, do so on Tuesday evening next, when, having started at the Cross of Charing and patiently followed the track of the "Favourite" omnibus to an edifice well known to the followers of the Rev. Prebendary Wilson, even to Myddelton Hall, you shall there, an' it please you, assist at a Spelling Bee. There will possibly arise much confusion of tongues, and not a few outrages of, at least, one letter of the alphabet; but go. You will be amused.

A marble memorial to Edgar Allen Poe has been publicly subscribed for in America and placed over the poet's grave in Baltimore. It is to be unveiled this month, and among the guests invited to take part in the ceremony are Messrs. Alfred Tennyson and John H. Ingram. Neither the Poet Laureate nor the editor of Poe's works being enabled to accept the invitation of the memorial committee they have been requested to write something suitable for the occasion to be read during the proceedings.

Mark Twain is not the Zanzibar correspondent of the *Western Morning News*. The description of a fight between a whale and a sea-serpent is from another pen. It is competent, however, for the ingenious inventor of the petrified man to deal with the charmingly credulous believers in the story (as he dealt with his petrified man-eaters), who, judging from a paper now before us, have swallowed whale and serpent—whole. "When off Cape St. Roque, South America, after a severe storm," writes the correspondent, who is a naval officer [by the name of Smith], "a sight was presented that made the crew stand aghast [The officers stood otherwise]—nothing less than the great sea-serpent engaged in conflict with a whale [Please to observe it was the sea-serpent]. It had wound itself twice round the whale, and was twisting it with tremendous velocity, lashing the water into foam. The noise could be distinctly heard on board, and, after battling for some time, both disappeared [Both what?]. The serpent's length can be imagined [This is fortunate]. It had two coils round a full-sized sperm whale, with 30ft clear at each end; its diameter was 3ft to 4ft. [Kindly take note of the "feet." The crew and officers differ only in one respect, some of them imagining it larger [We should not wonder]. They saw it twice afterwards. Once it came very close to the vessel and raised itself sixty feet out of the water, as if about to attack them. The crew and officers armed themselves with axes to repel its attack, which, however, was not made. I have questioned the men and officers, trying to find out any discrepancy between their statements, but am a convert to the belief that it was seen." Another naval officer [By the name of Jones] writes to the *Western Morning News* to precisely the same effect, and the officers of her Majesty's ship on the station are said to be convinced of the truth of the story. Those officers, it is unnecessary to add, were marines.

That the crown of remunerative fame is not in the keeping of the Royal Academy was proved the other day at Birmingham, when twenty-one oil paintings by Henry Dawson the elder realised nearly seven thousand pounds. The sum for which they were originally sold by the artist was very much nearer seven hundred. If all the capable artists whose works have been indifferently hung at the Academy could reckon upon such a substantial recognition at the hands of discerning buyers, we might save ourselves the trouble of annually consigning the Burlington House hanging committee to perdition. Unfortunately, however, they cannot.

"Mr. English had only reached the age of thirty-nine, and might have been fairly regarded as full of strength and years. The Indian climate no doubt hastened his death. Mr. English and his partner, Mr. Blackmore, fought for their country in the Crimean War. They were in different regiments, but destined to 'fight the battle of life' shoulder to shoulder in a more

peaceful profession than that of arms. They have conducted the well-known musical and dramatic agency in Garrick-street for five-and-thirty years." We copy the above from the original pages of our neighbour of the "luxurious moustachios." Mr. English fought for his country in the Crimean War, say during the year 1854, when he would be eighteen years of age. At the same time he and his partner were conducting a musical and dramatic agency in Garrick-street, and had been engaged therein for years. In other words, he was not only in the Crimea and in Garrick-street at the same time, but he began business as a dramatic agent at the tender age of four.

STUD NEWS.

MR. TAYLOR SHARPE, of Baumber Park, has, we understand, been offered a large sum by the foreigners for his horse Suffolk, but has declined to part with his old pet, who will be once more at the service of English breeders during the ensuing season.

No horse has improved more since his arrival in England than Carnival, whose subscription may be expected to fill rapidly, as soon as owners of mares begin to cast about for sires. Blair Athol, of course, has been long since full; and George Frederick has a most "influential following" set down for him among the Cobham beauties. The latest arrival at the Stud Company's haras is See Saw, whose stock have shown some form at Liverpool and elsewhere.

Mr. Gee has raised Scottish Chief's fee to 100gs, and Mandragora is on his visiting list for 1876. Vedette is as fresh as ever, and his box has become almost too small to hold him since Galopin's Derby victory. There are now over sixty brood mares at Dewhurst Lodge, and their owner has not yet finished adding to his collection.

We hear that the newly-established stud farm in the neighbourhood of Bath is well situated, and that the climate "down West" is especially favourable to the growth and development of young blood stock.

King Lud, as might have been expected, has "set all Yorkshire by the ears," and Mr. Thompson, his Lord Chamberlain at Moorlands, is compelled to turn away many intending suitors. Knight of the Garter and Speculum continue to make steady way, and the former had over forty mares last season, while "Spec" has well earned his promotion to the fifty-guinea division.

There will be seven stallions "on her Majesty's service" at Hampton Court, which is a perfect stronghold of Melbourne blood. The yearling boxes will not be so well filled as formerly, but William Scott still hopes on, though recruiting among brood mares still goes on very slowly, the "bounty" being hardly sufficient to attract.

Major Barlow is getting together a large stud at Eaton Hall, where Doncaster will commence his receptions next season. We hope soon to be in a position to give a more detailed account of this establishment, where the breeding of thoroughbreds has been rather at a discount of late years.

The young Cardinal Yorks created a very favourable impression at Doncaster, and already there are signs that Mr. Everitt's horse will be in good request once more. The accident which checked Corydalis's winning career was unfortunate for Paul Jones, but there are foals of his at Finstall Park which ought to give him another lift in the world.

Albert Victor has gone northwards to try his luck at Aske Hall, and will have a good chance among Lord Zetland's mares. The chestnut was rather an unfortunate horse while in training, but he had the good word of more than one breeder while standing at Hurstbourne Park.

Mr. Carew Gibson shows a bold front with Holy Friar and Siderolite, two horses of widely different conformation and character. Great alterations are taking place at Sandgate Park, and by the beginning of next year everything is expected to be in good working order. It takes some time for a breeder to get fairly under way, and for the first two or three years he has to depend upon the fruits of other people's judgment. Spennithorne is a new candidate for stud honours, and has good staying credentials to recommend him.

King of the Forest's subscription list is fast filling, and mares have been "booked" to him from the Cobham, Dewhurst, Heath House, and Sandgate stud farms. Of the Buckland Court mares, Atenelement goes to Doncaster, two to Carnival, three to Favonius, and the rest to King of the Forest.

Joskin is expected to arrive at Highfield Hall very shortly from his owner's place. He will there join Knight of St. Patrick (who is as handsome as ever), Warrior, and Rupert, all horses of fine bone and substance, and well-known and approved good foal getters.

Mr. Gulliver has changed his blood at Swalcliffe, and is now represented by Barefoot (by Lord Clifden out of Stockings), and by Highlander, a Blair Athol horse, who did some business last season.

"Little Lecturer" is now permanently established at Wentworth, and will, we trust, work a revival of the glories of the old Fitzwilliam green. Though on the small side, Lecturer gets his stock with plenty of size, length, and liberty; and, being one of the few Lanercost horses still among us, and a rare public performer to boot, should not lack patronage in a country where racing merit always finds due appreciation.

Bertram has at length taken leave of the turf, and is at present for sale or hire as a stallion. Though not particularly stoutly bred, Bertram is an exceedingly handsome horse, if a slightly disappointing one, and has stood his training well, having been kept perpetually "at it" since his three-year-old days.

Camerino seems still to hang fire in the market, notwithstanding his shireship of Coronella and others. Though rather erratic in temper, we would sooner use him (for a certain class of mares) than many other higher-priced sons of the "Emperor of stallions."

LORD HENRY LENNOX AND CAPTAIN MONTAGU.—At the annual meeting of the Chichester Conservative Association, last Tuesday evening, "The Health of Lord Henry Lennox" was heartily received. His Lordship, in reply, referred to the recent accident to Captain Montagu as a dark cloud which had passed over him, and said it had so unnerved him for anything like a consideration of public affairs that he must ask them to excuse him from discussing them on that occasion, as he knew they would not wish him to give an ill-considered, rash, and hastily-devised account of his stewardship. The *Morning Post* says Captain Montagu is going on favourably, and sanguine hopes are entertained that the sight of the injured eye will yet be preserved.

AFTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS, it has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested, neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect be seen at once; and though the Hair may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossy loveliness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Dépôt, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Advrt.]

THE JOURNAL OF AN ELEPHANT-HUNTER.

The next morning we inspanned at about three a.m., and trekked on by the light of a glorious full moon till sunrise. At this season of the year the nights are very cold (any water left in a pannikin or tea in the kettle being invariably frozen), though the sun is extremely powerful during the day. After breakfast, Captain B. and myself rode out to look for game, and, coming across a large troop of zebras, Captain B. shot a fine stallion. As for myself, on jumping off to fire, my horse, though usually very steady, jerked the bridle off my arm and ran away; and it was only after a long chase, on my friend's horse, and after receiving a severe kick on the shin, that I managed to catch him again. On the following day we crossed the Tati river for the last time, near its source, and trekked on towards the Makalaka kraals of Beri-Re-Ma. We all went out hunting again, Captain B. and myself taking one side of the road, and Mr. B. and W. the other. We saw nothing; but our friends were more fortunate, and bagged a fine fat zebra mare. Many people will not eat the meat of the zebra, alleging that it is too strongly flavoured. For my part, I consider it very palatable, if the animal is in good condition; the fat certainly has not a very prepossessing appearance, being of a dark yellow colour, rather suggestive of rancid butter; this is rather remarkable, as the fat of every other wild animal with which I am acquainted is quite white.

The next day's trek brought us to within a short distance of Jantje's, the head man of the first Makalaka kraal, which we reached before daylight on the 11th, and from where a short inspan took us to Umporce's, another sort of very petty chief, where we were delayed for a couple of days, buying native corn, sheep and goats, and hiring more servants, Makalakas and Masaras (the bushmen of the interior). Between here and the Zambesi game is usually very scarce, and it is seldom possible to kill sufficient to keep one's kaffirs and dogs continually

in meat, so that, as a good deal of corn is also required for the horses, a hunter must always take care to lay in a good supply; indeed, if he has a large party of natives in his service, one waggon ought to be loaded exclusively with it, by which means a great deal of trouble and anxiety will be avoided. We bought altogether for our whole party about 4000 lb. weight of corn and maize and eighty fine goats and sheep for our own use on the road and for the return journey at the end of the hunting season. For the corn and maize we had to pay 1½ lb. to 2 lb. of beads per muid (200 lb.), beads being worth at the Tati about 4s. 6d. per lb.; the price of a fine goat or sheep was about 1½ lb. beads, or 2 lb. of brass wire, value 6s. The best beads of the small sizes for these people are transparent sky-blue, dead white, lavender, and "red white eye," and almost any large kind. Brass wire is also in great demand amongst them.

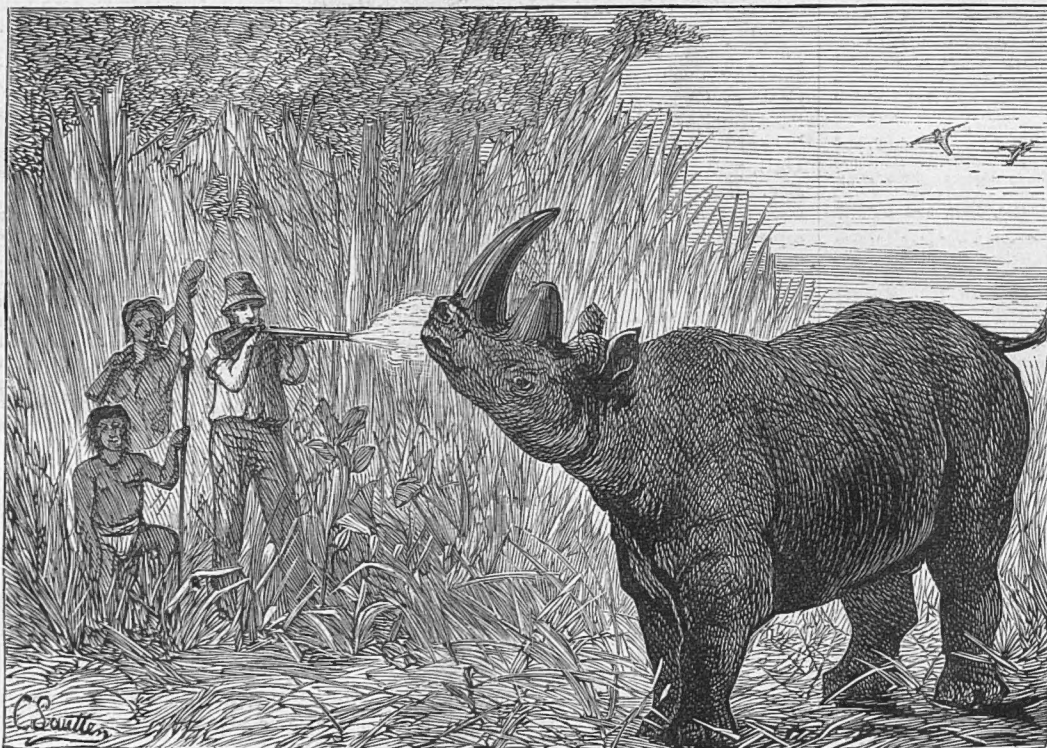
At length, on May 14, we once more resumed our journey. We had now quite a small army of retainers—about a hundred, all told, Makalakas and Masaras, exclusive of the five waggon-drivers. Another day's trekking took us beyond the last Makalaka kraal, and we outspanned for the night on the banks of a broad sand river, with pools of water here and there along its course, the name of which I cannot call to mind.

I may as well say a word or two here about these Makalakas. They are now living under the rule of, and pay tribute to, the Matabele, by whom they were conquered, some thirty-five years ago, when Umzilikazi, with his murderous band of Zulu warriors, passed like a destroying angel through the land on his journey northwards. At that time they must have been a very numerous tribe, for the whole country between Beri-Re-Ma and the present headquarters of the Matabele, and thence along the river Gwai to the Zambesi, is full of the remains of their towns and corn-fields. When invaded they offered but a slight resistance to the well-trained soldiers who had already fought their way

through a thousand miles of hostile country, from the distant shores of Natal, and who, sparing neither age nor sex (except to take slaves), soon possessed themselves of the flocks and herds of their victims, and once more rendered desert the greater part of this populous country, driving the remnant of the inhabitants either across the Zambesi or into the hills along the course of the rivers running southwards into the Limpopo, where they are now allowed to live as a subject tribe.

Their villages are at the present day invariably situated at the foot of the peculiar rocky hills or "kopies," which are so common a feature in South African scenery. This custom, as in the case of the Mashunas, living to the south-east of the Matabele country, has no doubt been adopted in order that if suddenly attacked they may be able to escape into the hills, where they would stand a better chance of eluding pursuit than on level ground. Though they are now living under the protection of the Matabele, they evidently do not trust their masters; and they are right, as the massacre of a large section of the tribe, living in the hills bordering the Shashani river, at the end of January, 1875, amply proves.

They are rather an industrious people, growing great quantities of corn, maize, beans, sweet potatoes, ground-nuts, &c., and are good workers in iron; they also make very fair karosses, though in this they are far excelled by the Bechuana tribes further south. In appearance the Makalakas are a tolerably good-looking race, and, as a rule, excessively black. They are, however, terrible thieves and liars, cowardly and cringing if the weaker party, but insolent and brutal if they think they have the upper hand. Like all, or at any rate most, of the natives of South Africa, they are mean and stingy to a degree that cannot be comprehended by a European who has never lived amongst them. They nevertheless are, as a rule, very good servants, especially in the hunting-velt, as most of them seem to have a natural taste for the chase. But to resume. Our route now took us along the banks of the



MY FIRST RHINOCEROS.

river above mentioned for a couple of days, when we left it and struck off towards the Nata, a large sand river running from east to west, into the great salt-pan, where, after opening out into a chain of vleys, it finally sinks into the earth. The country between Beri-Re-Ma's and the river Nata is covered almost entirely with forests of Mopani-trees, relieved here and there by large open turf flats. Game was very scarce and wild, though we saw individuals of a good many species—viz., giraffe, zebra, koodoo, impala, tsaby-tsaby, and a few odd blue wildebeeste and roan antelopes. All we managed to bag, however, were one giraffe and two zebras, all in very good condition. I also rolled over a very fine koodoo bull, with a magnificent head, but he recovered himself immediately, and, getting into some very thick bush, through which it was impossible to penetrate on horseback, I lost him, much to my regret. As we neared the Nata elephant spoor (some not more than two days old) became more and more frequent, but we saw none fresh enough to follow. During the heavy rains which fell about a month ago elephants must have been here in great numbers; but the bushmen (Masaras), many of whom have been supplied by the King of the Matabele with large-bore guns to obtain ivory for him, have now driven them all away towards the dense thorn-jungles which lie to the eastward, near the river Gwai, the more recent spoors being those of elephants, trekking hastily through the enemy's country, all making for the thick bush. We also observed some black rhinoceros spoor, but none absolutely fresh.

At last, about midday on the 18th, we reached the broad, park-like valley through which the Nata runs; runs is, however, scarcely the correct word, as this river never absolutely does run, except after long rains. Still, at this time of year there are always lots of pools along its course; and towards the end of the dry season no water can be obtained, except by digging to a considerable depth, when it filters up through the sand. The elephants are well aware of this, and the

enormously deep holes which they sometimes dig in the beds of these dry sand rivers in search of water are quite astonishing.

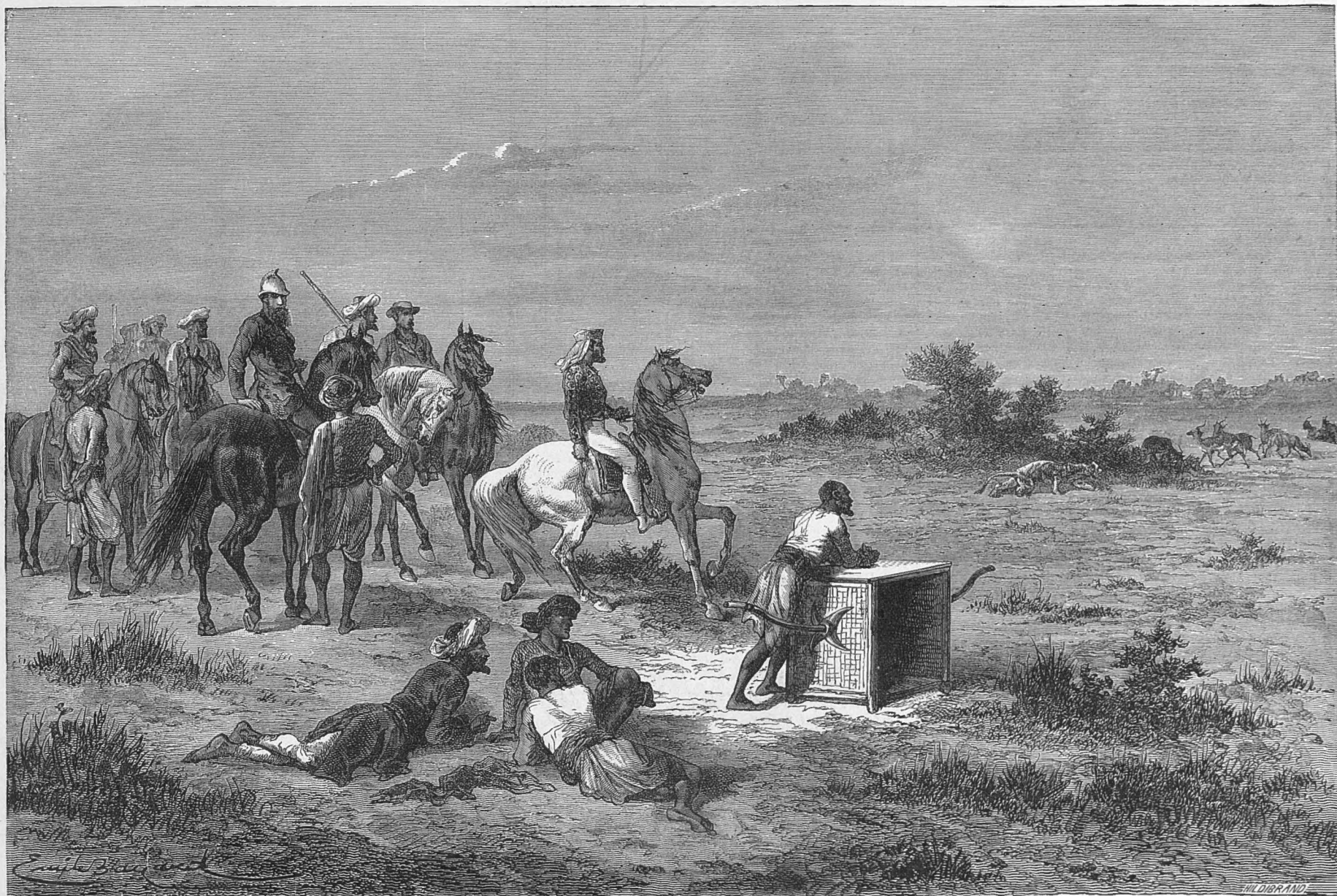
On the morning of the day we reached the Nata Mr. G. and W. rode out to look for buffalo, which are usually to be found at this season of the year in its neighbourhood; and, coming across fresh spoor and following it, before long overtook two cows, both of which they killed. On their return to the waggons they rode right on to another large herd; but, as all the Kaffirs were behind cutting up the two they had already shot, did not molest them.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

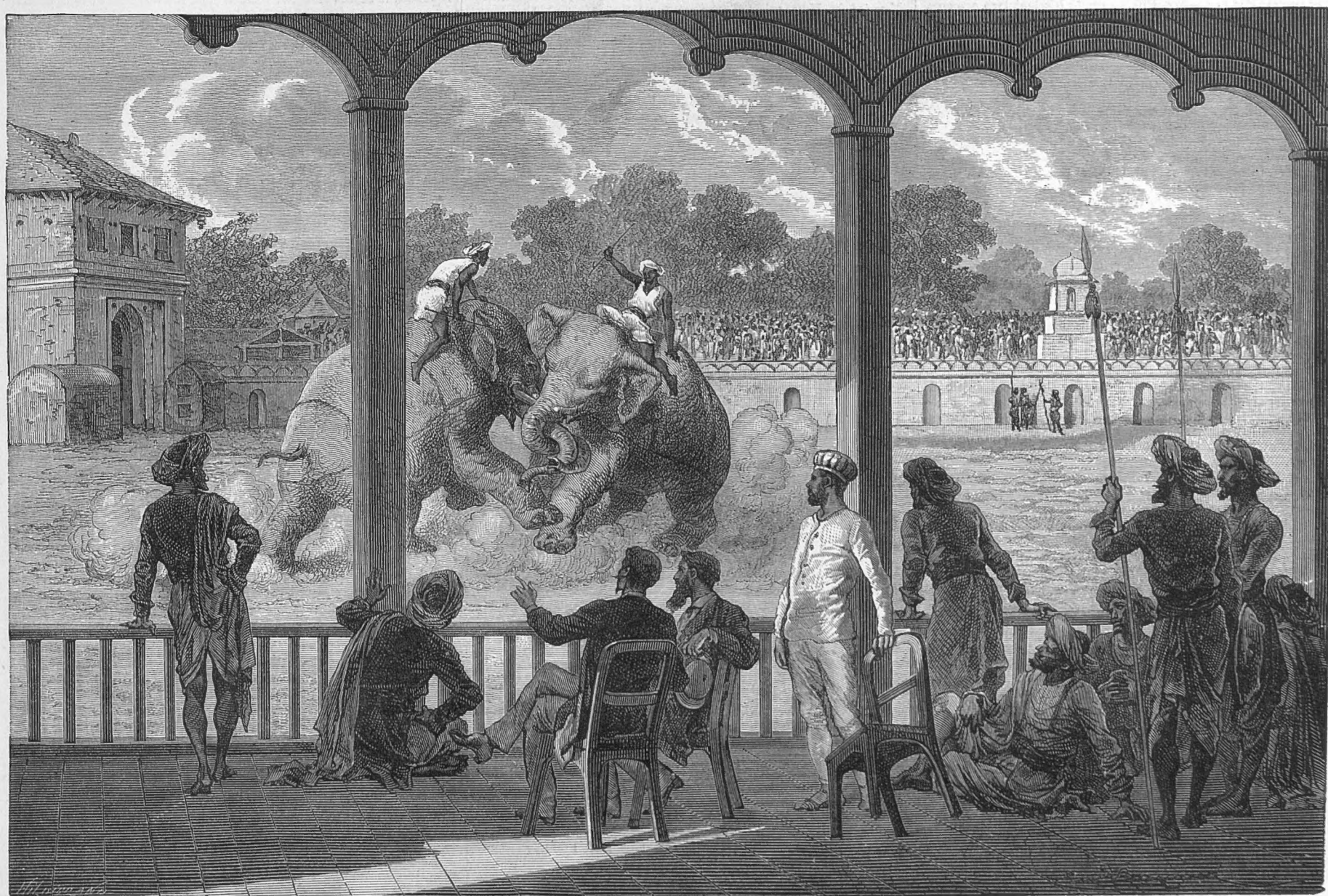
I can remember, some four winters ago, I was roused at midnight, in bitter weather, to give immediate attendance to a peasant's wife, living in the forest of Huelgoed; the case was an urgent one, and delay would have been fatal, so in ten minutes I was dressed, mounted, and off to the poor sufferer's aid. I had scarcely ridden half a league from the town before I became aware, by the snorting of my mare, that a wolf was paying rather more attention to both of us than the mare at least seemed to think agreeable. One wolf, however, did not disturb me; for, as yet, but one had shown himself, springing ever and anon on the hedge-bank within six feet of my head, and instantly disappearing behind the fence, as I cracked a fusée on my saddle-bow. I spurred my mare into a quicker canter, and hoped by the pace to choke off the pursuer; but, so far from this being the case, I soon found, as we sped by a broad gap in the fence, that not only was he holding his own, head and head with the mare, but that four other wolves were close on his quarters, joining hard in the chase. In another second or two two of the brutes again bounded on the hedge-bank; and, growing bolder as the chase grew hotter, kept stride and stride with us so closely that I could absolutely

smell the breath of the brutes as it tainted the air. The Brittany lanes, as you well know, are simply tunnels hollowed out of the land, and flanked on either side by high, broad banks, from the top of which the wolves with ravenous eyes were now looking down upon us, measuring my strength, and the mare's probable endurance. Had she fallen or even stumbled in her gait, the pack would have been on us in one bound; but, luckily, the little mare was safe as Notre Dame; and I took care to keep the lucifers going, flashing them in their faces, and frightening the skulking brutes ever as I did so into the adjoining field. For two long leagues did we travel on in this perilous fashion; till at length I began to fear that the mare would drop from exhaustion. She had been going from the first fetlock-deep in clay, and was now so terrified by the wolves that any unusual impediment would, I felt sure, bring her headlong to the ground. My lucifers, too, were running short; and, as I had a good half-league further to ride, I economised my stock by only flashing single matches, and that, too, when more than one wolf traversed the bank in such dangerous proximity. My old hunting-whip now served me in good stead; hitherto I had carried it between my thigh and the saddle, but, drawing it forth, I stood up in my stirrups, and with all my force brought the heavy thong down over the head and eyes of the leading wolf. The success of this manoeuvre was instantaneous; not another wolf dared show again till I reached in safety the peasant's hut, into which I rode the little mare with a thankful heart. No fox ever gained his earth more opportunely, for another ten minutes must have been fatal at least to the mare. The cowardly brutes, however, though baffled, were not beaten. There they still were, watching the hut, and prowling around it with dismal yells, denoting their disappointment, so I deemed it prudent to carry a mass of burning embers just outside the door, and to feed them until daybreak; and this alone, I am quite confident, kept them off the broom roof, and saved my little mare from certain destruction.—"Wolf-Hunting in Brittany." *Chapman and Hall.*

SPORT IN STORE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



HUNTING ANTELOPE WITH THE CHEETAH.



AN ELEPHANT FIGHT AT BARODA.

The Drama.

The theatres have been wholly devoid of novelty during the week, which has been, moreover, comparatively uneventful; yet, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the business at the various houses, at the majority of which the programmes have been long unchanged, continues unusually good for this period of the year. *The Shaughraun*, at Drury Lane; *Macbeth*, at the Lyceum; *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville; *Little Em'ly*, at the Adelphi; *Married in Haste*, at the Haymarket; *A Nine Days' Wonder*, at the Court; *Fleur de Thé*, at the Criterion; *Weak Woman*, at the Strand; and *La Périhole* and *Trial by Jury*, at the Royalty, all still flourish satisfactorily for the managers, but the most crowded audiences are those drawn by Mr. Joseph Jefferson to the Princess's, and by Mr. Toole to the Gaiety. The two most recent productions, *All for Her* at the Mirror and *Masks and Faces* at the Prince of Wales's, have grown into great successes; and Mr. Cave's last new ballet, *The Flower Queen*, achieved a deserved triumph from the first.

On Saturday, in addition to the Gaiety matinée, morning performances took place of *Married in Haste*, at the Haymarket, of the *Brigands* at the Globe, of Newsome's circus company at the Holborn Amphitheatre, and of *Mazeppa* at Sangers', which last was repeated on Monday.

The only event of the Saturday evening was the revival at the Strand of Mr. Farnie's opéra-bouffe *Loo*; or, *the Party Who Took Miss*, in succession to *Flamingo*.

GAIETY THEATRE.—The performance of *Henry VIII.*, announced for last Saturday's matinée, having been postponed until to-day to allow of further rehearsals, Mr. Toole appeared in two of the pieces from the evening programme—viz., *Off the Line* and *Ici on Parle Français*. A special morning performance took place here on Wednesday, when *Romeo and Juliet* was represented for the first appearance of Miss Beatrice Strafford as Juliet, supported by Henry H. Vincent as Romeo and Mr. Ryder as Friar Lawrence.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The prolonged run of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* was at least brought to an end on Tuesday evening, when its final performance was given. On the following evening Mr. G. W. Anson took his first benefit here with an attractive programme, consisting of Tom Taylor's favourite drama of *Plot and Passion*, and a new farce, entitled *Ye Wyn-Wyn-ay*; or *the Welsh Chorister*. In the former, Miss Carlotta Leclerc made her first appearance in London these five years as Marie de Fontanges, and Mr. Anson appeared as Desmarests, originally played by the late Mr. Robson. Mr. Anson had already sustained this character when *Plot and Passion* was recently produced at the Crystal Palace. This programme has been nightly repeated since, and will continue to be represented all next week until Monday, the 29th inst., when Mr. Wills's historical play, *Buckingham*, is to be produced.

NATIONAL STANDARD.—Mr. Creswick's engagement here continues with enormous success. *Macbeth* was produced, with the whole of Locke's music, on Saturday night, and repeated on the first three evenings of the week. Mr. Creswick, Miss Eloise Juno, and Mr. C. Creswick appearing in the three principal characters. *Othello* was represented on Thursday and last night; and *The Lady of Lyons* is announced for this evening.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—There have been three dramatic performances here during the week. On Tuesday the company from the Strand Theatre appeared in the farce of *Raising the Wind*, and in the folie-musical, *Flamingo*. On Friday Mr. Charles Wyndham appeared in his famous part of Bob Satchet, in the comedy *Brighton*, supported by E. Righton, Bruce, Howard, Russell, C. Steyne, and Misses Alice Della, Daly, Julia Vokins, and Emily Duncan in the other characters. *Still Waters Run Deep*, with Mr. Charles Wyndham as John Mildmay and Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Sternhold, was the play selected for yesterday.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Mr. Phelps made his last two appearances in the series of dramatic performances now in progress here by the Gaiety company, under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead, sustaining the character of Sir Peter Teazle, in the *School for Scandal*, on Tuesday, and that of Dr. Cantwell, in the *Hypocrite*, on Thursday. Mr. J. L. Toole is to appear here next Tuesday.

To-day morning performances take place at the following theatres:—

At the Gaiety matinée, *Henry VIII.*, postponed from last Saturday, will be produced, with Mr. Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey, Mrs. Charles Calvert as Queen Katherine, and Mr. John Clayton as Henry VIII.

At the Adelphi *Little Em'ly* will be represented with the same cast as at night.

At the Globe the last day performance of *The Brigands* will be given; and in the evening the romantic drama of *East Lynne*, with Miss Ada Ward and Mr. Lin Rayne in the leading characters, and *The Brigands* will be represented for the last time, as Miss Lydia Thompson and her company return here on Monday to resume their performances for a limited number of nights of Mr. Farnie's successful burlesque of *Blue Beard*.

At the Holborn Amphitheatre the last day performance of Newsome's circus company takes place this afternoon, and the season terminates to-night.

At the Criterion this afternoon a new comic opera, entitled *Donna Constanza*, the music by Adolph Goldmick, will be produced, in which the principal rôles will be supported by Miss Annie Sinclair (who makes her reappearance on the stage), Miss Emily Pitt, Miss Dolores Drummond, and Messrs. W. Courtenay, Penne, and Connell.

The only event for to-night is the revival at the Opéra Comique of the famous Royalty burlesque, *Black-Eye'd Susan*, partially rewritten by Mr. Burnand, and in which Miss M. Oliver, Miss Rosina Ranoë, Mr. Danvers, and Mr. Dewar will sustain their original parts—Mr. Dewar coming from the Prince of Wales's, in exchange for Mr. Markby, who replaces him as Snarl in *Masks and Faces*, and whose part in Mr. Burnand's comedy, *Proof Positive*, at this theatre, is transferred to Mr. Roland.

STRAND THEATRE.

Messrs. Green and Hay's *Flamingo* was replaced on Saturday night by a revival of Mr. Farnie's bright and merry extravaganza *Loo*; or, *the Party Who Took Miss*, which, from the hearty laughs excited throughout by its smart dialogue, enlivened by numerous new allusions to recent topics, and its ludicrous situations, bids fair for a renewal of the success which attended its original production here in September last year. The cast has undergone a few changes: Messrs. Harry Cox, E. Terry, and M. Marius still display their grotesque humour and barbaresque exaggeration in their old characters respectively of M. Tabardon, the wine-grower and retired notary, so solicitous to secure an eligible husband for his cherished daughter, Louisa; the eccentric and lachrymose suitor St. Emilion, who is led into the wildest of masquerading follies by the seductive Bagatelle; and the mysterious Italian Rimbombo, the last of the Princes of the Abruzzi. They are well supported by Miss Fanny Hughes, who represents Tabardon's pretty daughter Louisa with bright intelligence and vivacity; Miss Lottie Venne, who has of late

made great advances in her art, replaces Miss Angelina Claude as the fascinating prima donna, Bagatelle, and the piquancy of the impersonation is enhanced by this clever lady's refinement of style in acting and her graceful singing. Miss Ethel Prescott succeeds Miss Kate Phillips as Postiche, and Mr. St. Maur's part of the love-sick tenor, Fiasco de Gamut, is admirably sustained by Miss Maria Jones. The music and incidental dances have lost none of their popularity. Miss Lottie Venne's skilful performance on the drum merits the applause it receives, and the scenery and costumes are as bright and pretty as ever. Mr. Clement's laughable farce of *Two to One* still serves as the *lever de rideau*, and is followed by Mr. Byron's amusing comedy of *Weak Woman*.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.

Mr. Field has reopened this theatre for a series of representations of Tom Taylor's popular comedy, *An Unequal Match*, produced under the personal superintendence of Miss Amy Sedgwick, for the purpose of introducing her pupil, Miss Annie Lafontaine, as the heroine, Hester Grazebrook, the character created by and long exclusively identified with Miss Sedgwick herself. Unfortunately, on the first representation, on Wednesday evening last week, there were drawbacks more than sufficient to have disconcerted and marred the best efforts of a practised actress. These arose from the inefficiency of some of the performers, but principally from Mr. Lytton Sothern's (who appeared for the first time as Harry Arncliffe) requiring the prompter's aid with extraordinary frequency. Yet, in face of these distressing difficulties, Miss Lafontaine achieved, on that occasion, a very creditable success, and, while naturally recalling much of the genial style and manner of her preceptress, the impersonation was no mere servile copy, but was marked by sufficient intelligence, spontaneity, and dramatic instinct to render it an artistic study of an excellent model. The defects of the first night being rectified, the representations of the comedy are now greatly improved and very creditably given—Miss Lafontaine still carrying off the palm for excellence, and Mr. Lytton Sothern makes amends for his first delinquency; Miss Kate Phillips gives a clever character-sketch of the rustic barmaid, Bessy Hebblethwaite, transformed into the affected lady's-maid in the second and third acts; Miss Edith Lynd again shows progress in her art by the finesse and expression with which she enacts the part of the fashionable intrigante, Mrs. Montessor; Hester's father, the blacksmith Grazebrook, finds a suitable representative in Mr. John Nelson, and Dr. Botcherly and the cockney valet Blenkinsop are adequately and amusingly sustained by Messrs. Alfred Young and F. Barsby.

Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS left town on Thursday night last week for Brindisi, en route for Calcutta.

Mr. W. S. GILBERT's new fairy play is now in preparation at the Court Theatre, and will shortly be produced in succession to *A Nine Days' Wonder*.

MISS FARREN will return to the Gaiety next Monday, and will make her reappearance in *Our Clerks*, with Mr. Toole.

Chilperic will be revived at the Royal Park Theatre on Monday next.

Mr. WILLS's new historical play *Buckingham* is announced for production at the Olympic on Monday week, the 29th inst., for the annual benefit of Mr. Henry Neville, who will make his re-appearance after his severe illness, and sustain the character of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, supported by Mr. Creswick as Cromwell, and Miss Fanny Josephs and Miss Forbes Robinson in the leading female parts.

MISS EDITH WYNNE, the well-known vocalist, was married on Tuesday to Mr. Aviet Agabeg, a member of the American Bar.

DEATH OF MR. GEORGE BELMORE.—A telegram from New York states that Mr. George Belmore, the English comedian, died in that city on Monday last.

The fourth morning performance of Mr. Byron's comedy *Married in Haste* will take place next Saturday at the Haymarket.

La Périhole will be withdrawn from the bills of the Royalty after Saturday night next.

THE COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT to Mr. Edmund Falconer, at Drury Lane Theatre, takes place on Wednesday afternoon next, the 24th inst., when the *Colleen Bawn* will be represented, with most of the original cast, including Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, as Miles-na-Coppaleen and Eily O'Connor, and Mr. Falconer as Danny Mann, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Messrs. David Fisher, C. H. Stephenson, C. H. Smith, Collette, and Garden in the other leading characters.

A NEW AND ORIGINAL SEMI-MUSICAL INDIAN SKETCH, written by "Our Special Correspondent," Mr. J. A. Bennett, with music selected and arranged by M. Goossens, is in rehearsal at the Criterion.

We have to remind our readers that Mr. Edmund Falconer takes his benefit at Drury Lane on Wednesday morning, and that the occasion will be the only one when the public will have a chance of seeing *The Colleen Bawn* with the original Adelphi cast, including the names of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, Mr. Falconer, Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Mr. D. Fisher, Mr. Stephenson, and Mrs. Alfred Mellon.

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

At a concert, given by Signor Rendano, on Tuesday last, at St. James's Hall, a special fact was the appearance of the two ladies and two gentlemen who gained the chief singing prizes in the last musical competition meeting at the Crystal Palace. These four students have recently returned from a concert-tour—organised on the faith of their implied right to command public attention as "the prize-winners at the Crystal Palace competition." The policy and the good taste of such a proceeding may be questioned. However promising these students may be, they are not yet finished artists; and although they were successful competitors in this year's Crystal Palace competition, it does not follow that they are superior or even equal to other students who took no part in that competition. They were the best of those who did think it worth while to compete, and that is all. They are not entitled to be considered the absolutely best of our vocal students; and their appeal to the country as a quartet of vocal tourists on the ground that they have won prizes is no more entitled to consideration than would be the claims of a rifle volunteer to take command of a brigade because he had won the chief Wimbledon prize. The Royal Academy of Music stipulates that its pupils, whether prize-winners at the academy competitions or not, shall abstain from singing in public until they obtain the sanction of the academic professors; and this course is adopted in order to prevent the reputation of the Royal Academy of Music from

suffering through the premature and crude displays of ambitious pupils. It is much to be desired that some similar limitation should be imposed on successful competitors at future "National Music Meetings;" for if the country were, through future years, to be "stumped" by successive quartets of annual prize-winners, a dismal prospect would lie before us. Before long the various quartet parties would become mixed up in our minds; and it would be difficult to ticket them mentally, so as to specify to what year a successful quartet belonged—as a wine-taster identifies port of the 1834 or 1847 vintage. The "blending" process might further complicate matters; and the vocal vintage of 1878 being flavoured with a selection from that of 1877, which in its turn might borrow from 1875, hopeless confusion would arise. There is nothing in prize-winners—as such—to call for exceptional consideration. The use of the title is an appeal *ad misericordiam* as well as *ad captandum*; and we shall decline to offer any criticism on performances so arranged. There will probably be future opportunities of hearing the "prize-winners" of this year under circumstances less calculated to interfere with just criticism; and when we have opportunities of witnessing their performances as vocalists, without any deprecatory titles attached to their names, we shall be ready to do justice to their merits. Of Signor Rendano's excellence as a solo pianist, and of Mr. Hamilton Clarke's ability as a conductor, it is not needful to speak; but some important considerations are awakened by the incidental reference to the National Music Meetings, which are not in any way blamable for the "show" business which has recently been carried on, and to which we have objected.

The National Music Meetings were originated by Mr. Willert Beale, a gentleman possessing the esteem and confidence of the musical profession, himself an accomplished musician, with considerable administrative ability. The first meeting took place in 1872, the second in 1873, the third in 1875, the Handel Festival of 1874 having most unfortunately prevented the holding of a meeting at the Crystal Palace in that year. At these meetings prizes have been given in certain branches of musical study—viz., solo singing, choral singing, military band, and brass band playing. These are probably the most popular forms of music among the masses; and if these were widely cultivated sufficiently valuable results might be obtained. Eminent musicians have adjudged the prizes, and among the competitors much real merit has been manifested; but whether the best musical talent of the time has been brought into notice may be doubted. To many individuals, and to more societies, the journey to the Crystal Palace from provincial districts appears too costly in time and money to warrant its being undertaken on a mere chance of getting a prize. They want these meetings brought home to their doors, or into the next parish, at all events; and this want has to be considered.

The National Music Meetings are devoted to excellent objects, and are well managed, so far as they go, but they do not go far enough. Mr. Willert Beale appears to perceive this, and has wisely announced that a meeting will be held next year at Manchester—the first of a series of National Music Meetings, to be "held annually in some one of the large provincial centres. Prize-winners at these provincial meetings will be required to compete in London when called upon to do so, their travelling expenses being paid." This is a move in the right direction, but Mr. Willert Beale's hands should be strengthened to enable him to spread all over the country the system which at present he proposes to apply annually to separate provincial districts, *seriatim*. On this latter plan it may be forty years before Manchester has a second musical competition—a rate of progress too slow for this post-diluvian age. Looking at the rapid increase of musical cultivation, to which reference was made by Mr. Gladstone in his recent Greenwich speech, and at the educational machinery by which all classes can now be reached, it seems that the time is ripe for a larger development of musical possibilities in England, and we should like to see Mr. Willert Beale armed with powers to organise and direct some such system as the following:—

1. Gratuitous musical instruction in all schools.
2. Musical academies in all populous districts, say at the rate of one academy for every million of people.
3. Gratuitous musical instruction in the provincial academies. Fees to be paid for separate lessons, and payment by children of parents living in houses rated to the poor at £— per annum in the country and £— per annum in towns.
4. Yearly examinations. The best pupils in each department to have free music lessons of every kind for the following three years.
5. The best pupils of the year in each provincial academy to be sent free of expense to an annual national musical competition meeting in London.
6. The successful competitors at the London annual competitions to be taught, boarded, and lodged at the expense of the State for three years.
7. Triennial competitions to be held among the pupils of the metropolitan central academy (say our existing Royal Academy, enlarged) and prizes to be given for original compositions and vocal and instrumental superiority.
8. The successful vocalists at the triennial competition to be secured an opportunity of appearing before the public, either in opera or concert, according to their previous course of study. The successful composers to have their works produced in public.
9. Conferences of teachers to be held annually. A representative of each provincial academy to be elected at its annual conference, and to attend a central metropolitan conference of teachers for the examination of all suggestions concerning the improvement of musical education.

Under the system thus sketched payment might be exacted from people able to pay; pupils might be made to pay a percentage of earnings for a time, &c. But if the whole expense were defrayed by the State, it would be more than counter-balanced by the consequent diminution of the poor rates, police and prison expenses.

CONCERTS.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERT of Saturday last contained an interesting feature in Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, which was given by Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Poyntz, Mr. Pearson, the Crystal Palace choir, and the fine orchestra. The instrumental opening movements were finely played. The choruses were somewhat roughly rendered in certain cases, but were, on the whole, well sung. Miss Cole and Miss Poyntz sang their solos and the duet, "I waited for the Lord," effectively; and Mr. Pearson sang the difficult tenor music in finished style—particularly the "Watchman, what of the night?" which was a specimen of genuine expression, combined with that clear articulation which always adds to the enjoyment of listening to vocal music. Mr. Manns conducted with his usual skill.

AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE CONCERT of Saturday last the programme included the great C minor symphony of Beethoven; a new "Introduction et Rondo Capricieuse," by Saint Saëns, with Mr. Sainton as interpreter; a clever "Gavotte for

Strings," by Hamilton Clarke; the overture to *William Tell* (Rossini), and the "Leichte Cavaliere" overture by Suppé. The second part of the selection was, as usual, miscellaneous, and calls for no special mention. Madame Campobello-Sinico and Mr. Maybrick—whom we are glad to welcome on his return to the concert platform—were admirable interpreters of the vocal music; and the fine band of the palace did full justice to the instrumental music, under the able direction of Mr. Weist Hill. At this day's Saturday concert an important novelty will be a symphonic piece entitled "The Triumph of Bacchus," composed for this orchestra by M. Duvivier, the well-known maître de chant and composer.

AT THE OPENING SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT, given at St. James's Hall this day week, the most interesting feature was Hummel's D minor septet, performed by Madame Essipoff (pianoforte), MM. Brossa (flute), Lavigne (oboe), Vanhaute (horn), Zerbin (viola), Daubert (violin), and Reynolds (double bass). The programme also included selections from Beethoven, Bach, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. Mdle. Friedlander was the vocalist.

AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT given on Monday last, at St. James's Hall, the selection comprised works by Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann. The pianiste was Madame Essipoff, who played beautifully. Miss Helene Arim sang the vocal music with much taste. In the concerted music MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbin, and Daubert rendered valuable service.

THE COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS are conducted with unflagging spirit, although they will terminate next Saturday. On Saturday last the great pianiste Anna Mehlig appeared with great success. A number of popular artists have also assisted, and to-night Signor Tito Mattei, one of the best and certainly one of the most popular among living pianists, will make his debut. The orchestra, working under the skilful direction of Signor Ardit, has acquired a perfect ensemble; and the instrumental performances are in themselves abundantly attractive; but Messrs. Gatti keep on adding further attractions. The benefit of these spirited entrepreneurs is fixed for next Monday, Nov. 22—the last night of the season—on which occasion Covent Garden is likely to be packed full.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

On Monday evening, the 15th inst., commenced the second Italian Opera season of the Irish metropolis at the Theatre Royal. To say that the house was crammed would not convey the idea of the crowded state of all its sections; and never since the palmy days of Jenny Lind was the capacity of old Hawkins-street theatre so severely tested. At the head of the company was Madame Christine Nilsson; and the other artists included Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdle. Varesi, Signor Gillardi, Signor Zoboli, and Signor Galassi. Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Michael Gunn held the managerial reins, ably assisted by Mr. Russell behind the curtain and Mr. Frank Weston in front of the house. The opera selected for the opening night was *Faust*; and, of course, Madame Nilsson played the first part and was the heroine; Madame Trebelli appearing as Siebel. Mephistopheles was intrusted to Signor Castelmare, and Signor Gillardi assumed the rôle of the hero. The opera, in every sense of the word, was a tremendous success, and both Mesdames Nilsson and Bettini were applauded to the echo. During next week most of the favourite operas will be produced. Mr. Sothorn appears, on Monday next, in Dublin, and there is every prospect of his being warmly received.

Racing—Past and Future.

CONTINUING my narrative of past events from the point at which I left off last week, I may commence by saying a few words respecting the sensational proceedings which characterised the betting on the Liverpool Cup overnight at the Washington. It is certainly curious that of all the great races of the year the one which has obtained the most unenviable notoriety for its association with what are familiarly known on the turf as "dead" uns is unquestionably the Liverpool Cup. From the time when the three-card trick was so successfully played with Blue Gown, Siderolite, and Lictor, down to a few months ago, when Mr. Collins held in his pocket down to the last moment the fiat for the scratching of Fraulein, I suppose such angry feelings were never excited in the breasts of the confiding British public as at the game of battledore and shuttlecock which was carried on last week with the Wizard. From one half hour to another no one could tell what would be the Wizard's position in the market. At one time he was knocked out to a hopeless price in the betting, and, presto! before time had been allowed for speculators to jot down their bets he was installed as second favourite at 7 to 1, only to figure once more at 20 to 1, and as suddenly to come with a rebound to his former position. Rumours of all sorts were rife as to this mysterious candidate for Liverpool honours. It was reported that he had been sold to Mr. Chas. Bush, to Mr. Liebert, to another gentleman who hails from the Midlands—first one story and then another; and the wisest people were those who carefully held aloof and were content to wait for his number to be hoisted before backing him. The Wizard had, it was well known, been tried to be a really good horse; and, if all were square, it was believed that he possessed a chance second to none; the uncertainty, therefore, which prevailed respecting him was especially tantalising. It was not, however, finally cleared up till the numbers were hoisted; and the Wizard, though not formally scratched, was found among the absentees. It was said that his new owner, who is a gentleman connected with W. H. Scott's stable, would have run the horse if he could have found a jockey to ride him. I am not aware, however, that jockeys are as rare as the dodo; and it at least looks, on the face of it, as if other considerations had more to do with the horse being kept in his stable than the improbable statement of the inability of finding anyone to put up in the saddle. Whatever may be the result, we may feel pretty sure that, in future, the Wizard will be well taken care of by handicappers, and I for one shall not complain if he has scant favour shown him in the apportionment of the weights for the spring handicaps. Notwithstanding the ominous position occupied in the market by the Wizard, the firmness of Grey Palmer, and the rush which was made at the finish to get on Princess Theresa, Genuine held his ground with remarkable firmness, and, at the last, stood at as little as 5 to 2 in a field of twenty runners, so that it was evident that his party at any rate believed in his ability to win if he met with no accident in the race. Thunder, Dalham, and Peto all came in for good support, and Mr. Howett made no secret of the chance which he believed he possessed with his pair, of whom Activity was more fancied by the public than Munden, although the bulk of the stable investments went on the two coupled. Thursday was a remarkably fine day, more particularly in the morning, and the trains brought a large contingent of visitors, including all the well-known faces to be met with on any "big" day. Lord Sefton had his usual party, and the general attendance was certainly large enough to have amply satisfied Messrs. Topham with the success of the principal day of their meeting. For the first event, the Becher Hurdle Handicap,

The Pope was made favourite, while Annie on her previous running was a good deal fancied; but she was again doomed to put up with second honours, for Licorice, who started at 10 to 1, gave the ring a nice turn, and, having the best of it from the last hurdle, won easily by a length. A good field of two-year-olds came out to contest the Palatine Nursery, but the bulk of the betting was in favour of Lord Calthorpe's Spartacus, better known under his former name of Squash. He could get no nearer, however, than third, being beaten by both Prophète and Area Belle, both of whom belonged to the outside division, the former gaining the judge's verdict by a neck and Spartacus a length behind the second. Tilley and Oxonian were both more in favour for the Wavertree Handicap than Mr. Winkle, who won; but it is evident that Captain Machell's old horse has had enough of racing, and I suppose he will now be set to jumping, at which he may yet look forward to a more or less distinguished career. The great race of the day now came on for decision, and, with the exception of the continued run on Princess Theresa, there were no variations of any importance in the betting. When the flag fell, Harriet Laws got off and made the running at her best pace, closely followed by Princess Theresa, the others in a cluster, with Thunder, Harmonides, Grey Palmer, Chimes, and Louise Victoria in the rear. With a few changes, which I will mention, they ran thus to the distance, where Genuine, Dalham, and Grey Palmer gave way, and Mr. Howett's pair of Union Jacks coming out, the race was virtually over. When Morbey, on Munden, saw that Activity had her field settled, he eased his horse and finished fourth, Peto and Genuine running into second and third places; but the winner was never challenged, and cantered in a winner by four lengths. The only noticeable facts in connection with the race are that Princess Theresa can evidently not stay beyond five furlongs and that Grey Palmer was also out of his distance. Thunder was over-weighted and Genuine overrated, while the way that Harmonides was running through his horses at the finish (he was fifth) showed me that his forte is staying, and, had the race been half a mile further, I should not have been surprised to have seen him win. Disappointed as I am at his want of success on this occasion, I would strongly advise my readers never to leave Mr. Gerard's horse, but whenever he has a chance given him, and perhaps even when he apparently has not, to risk a modest investment, and I am sure that one day the whole will be repaid with interest. It is, of course, clear that the best horse on the day won, and Activity has fully confirmed the excellence of her running in the summer when she defeated Trappist, after which Mr. Howett purchased her for 1000gs—a cheap bargain, as events have subsequently proved.

The board being once more cleared, Tetrarch, who had been purchased by Mr. Humphreys on the preceding day for 165gs, came out and won for his new owner the Fazakerly Stakes, starting first favourite; and, though he got badly off, he never gave his field a chance, but came through and finished a length before Miss Harriott, Brown Sarah being a bad third. After the race Mr. Humphreys was content to buy in Tetrarch for 260gs, being 95gs more than he originally gave for him. It seemed as if he never could win a race for Captain Machell until he ran without a shilling on his back; and now, I suppose, he will go on doing so by way of exemplifying the usual perversity of mundane events. The Honey-moon colt confirmed, in the Downe Nursery, his running with Agate in the Molyneux Nursery on the previous day, though he was meeting her here on 4lb better terms; but three furlongs is no test of excellence, even for two-year-olds, and such races are usually won by the quickest in getting on its legs when the flag falls. Agate will do better than this before long. The Thursday Stakes fell to Pacha, who had previously won the Wednesday Stakes, after a good race with Mozart, the victor in the Tuesday Stakes. Mr. Skipton, who bought Mozart on Tuesday, must think very highly of his old horse, for he was content to give 410gs for Pacha on this occasion, only to run him in the Friday Stakes next day, and, with the odds of 3 to 1 on him, see him break down and scatter his purchase-money and everything else to the winds. The Huntroyde Stakes was the last race on the card, which Lord Melgund (Mr. Rolly) in Mr. G. Payne's familiar magpie colours won on Cloister, the others being nowhere.

On Friday the weather was again exceedingly fine and the attendance good. The Whitefield Nursery was the opening event, and among the performers were Pulcherrima, Prophète, and Electra, the latter being again made favourite in spite of the facer she had given the Epsom division at this meeting on Tuesday. Jubilant, better known as the Jocosia filly, was also backed, and won by half a length from The Nun, who has run very unfortunately lately. Backers made another bad selection in Speranza for the Toxteth Handicap, while of the other runners Old Oxonian again found supporters (*mirabile dictu*). Woodcote, who started at 7 to 1, won, however, pretty easily from Trotite, Florinel being third.

The Great Lancashire Handicap was a repetition to a great extent of the Liverpool Cup form, Peto winning by three parts of a length from Dalham, Day Dream being third, and Harmonides fourth. The latter was in front all the way, and ran a good horse; but, as I have before remarked, he requires a distance of ground, and this race was half a mile shorter than the Cup, which was all against him. Genuine cut up a dreadful impostor this time, and there is little to be said of any of the others. Woodman of Arden slipped up by the Canal side and fell into the water, from which he was with difficulty extricated; but the accident did not prevent his winning the Bentinck Welter Handicap later in the day, though a fall into a canal this weather would have been a decided damper to the courage of most people, I fancy. Mr. Baltazzi the successful won the next event, the Jolliffe Two-Year-Old Stakes, with Blue Bell, an unfashionably-bred filly by True Blue out of Starlight Bess, who was made favourite; but she had nothing to beat, and was sold to Mr. Bragg for 160gs. Old Daybreak again scored a victory in the Craven Steeplechase, wherein Mr. Thomas met with a nasty fall from Purity, but, happily, not a dangerous one, though his face was badly cut and he was a good deal shaken. The Stand Handicap Steeplechase was a most absurd affair. All the horses, including Daniel, last year's Cambridgeshire favourite, refusing at the first fence, with the exception of Little Flo, ridden by the owner, Mr. Dalglish, who went on, but at the fence before Valentine's Brook blundered and fell in, and was not got out again without considerable assistance and a ten minutes' delay, during which any of the others might have gone over the course leisurely; but, as they had none of them persevered after their first refusal, Mr. Dalglish remounted and cantered over the remainder of the course. Little Flo is a Lambton, all of whom show great aptitude for timber-topping, and she will show to advantage this season, or I am much mistaken. Thunder walked over for the Duchy Cup, and the Friday Stakes and Bentinck Welter I have already alluded to, so that I may here bring my record of the Liverpool Autumn Meeting to a close.

Had we only been favoured with decent weather this week, the racing at Shrewsbury would have been of the most enjoyable description; and, even as it was, Tuesday was sufficiently fine to cause a very numerous company to assemble on the course. The opening event was the Autumn Steeplechase, for which Régénérateur was made favourite, Roman Bee being next

in demand. In the result Victoire won by forty lengths from Roman Bee, Régénérateur having refused at one of the fences and been pulled up. After so hollow a defeat, it might have appeared to outsiders more graceful if the rider of the second had waived the objection which he subsequently lodged against the winner for going the wrong side of a post, which, however, was fully sustained; but we must remember that racing is unlike anything else under the sun except love and war, in both of which, as we all know, everything is fair. The last of her Majesty's Plates which will be contested this year produced one of the most exciting races we have seen for a long time. Gang Forward was said to have made such improvement recently that he was speedily elected favourite; short prices being also taken about both Lily Agnes and Louise Victoria. The horse, however, could not live the pace with the two mares, who finished a rattling race home from the distance, Lily Agnes finally winning by a head. John Osborne was hard on the winner a long way from home, and nothing but her indomitable gameness enabled her to hold her own in the way she did. It has been often urged that Queen's Plates scarcely ever produce even the semblance of a fight; but this year it is curious how many interesting cup contests there have been, the last certainly not the least among the number. The Wynnstay Welter Handicap resulted in a turn up for the ring, Mayfair running unbacked and the favourite being never able to get on terms with the leaders. Miss Mantfield, who is one of the most useful mares in training, won the Abbey Stakes from Sultan with consummate ease, and then a good field of youngsters came out to contest the Groby Cup over the straight three quarters of a mile. At the fall of the flag Professor was the favourite, Liris being next in demand. Baumber, who was much fancied at the opening of the betting, went back mysteriously towards the close, and finished at 8 to 1. It was said that he was not much fancied by his trainer. The race was run at a good pace, and, after a hard tussle between the three placed horses, Baumber won by three quarters of a length, half a length intervening between Professor and Liris, who were respectively second and third. Tennyson was the most fancied for the Two-Year-Old Stakes, which, however, fell to Hopbloom, a good-looking son of Parmesan, who fetched 340gs at auction, Sir John Astley being the purchaser. The Enville Nursery fell to Dolus; and Cloister confirmed his Liverpool form by winning the Hunters' Flat Race from a good field, Mr. "Rolly" as usual being his pilot. The defeat of Professor in the Groby Cup was compensated for by the victory of Mr. Wadlow's Instantly in the Cleveland Handicap, for which Quantock, who has been a long while on the shelf, was served up a very hot favourite. He was, however, never formidable, Lady Atholstone and York being the nearest attendants on Mr. Wadlow's horse at the finish. Tuesday was an awful day, and, if the clerk of the weather had been rehearsing for a second deluge, he could not have made us poor mortals more thoroughly wet, miserable, and unhappy than we were on what is called the big day of the meeting. The Hunters' Selling Race fell to Blytheswood, who realised 300gs afterwards at auction; and backers were equally fortunate in selecting Marvellous for the Grendon Welter, York and Banknote being the runners up on that occasion. Of course, the Letty Long filly, now named Lettice, was made a good favourite for the Tankerville Nursery, and really it seemed as if the race was made for her. Liris and Knight of the Bath were also backed, but all calculations were upset by the Rhine, who won, after a good finish, by a neck from the former. The Great Shropshire Handicap was, of course, the *pièce de résistance*, a baker's dozen facing the starter, of whom Cœruleus was made favourite. Of the others, Conseil, Grey Palmer, Instep, and Lord Rollo were most fancied, long prices being obtainable about most of the others. Tam o'Shanter was short of condition, and was not trusted by the stable. The race requires little description, as Cœruleus was in front throughout, and won easily by three lengths, Conseil and Caramel finishing second and third respectively. Harmonides was once more in his old position of fifth; and of the rest Lord Rollo ran well, and at one time flattered his supporters, but nothing was ever really formidable in the race but the winner, whose inexplicable bad form in the Cambridgeshire must now be more than ever annoying to his party to look back upon. St. Helens to a certain extent compensated the ring for their losses on the big race by defeating the favourite, Mr. Winkle, for the Wilton Welter Handicap, though only by a head; and Dolus again scored a win in the Borough Members' Plate, her only opponent, on whom odds were laid, being Shakspeare. The winner passed into the hands of Mr. James Adams, after the race, for 160gs. The talent were again out in their pick for the Nursery Handicap, which followed, the winner turning up in Mr. Tom Cannon's Receipted, who cantered home six lengths ahead of Troubadour and Surprise, the favourite being nowhere. As was to have been expected, nothing had a chance with Lowlander in the Newport Cup, neither Lizzie Distin nor Rose-water being persevered with when it was seen that the grand son of Dalesman had the race in hand. The other events of the meeting I shall leave till my next communication.

None of the events in the Warwick programme next week are yet ripe for discussion, all the principal races closing on Monday next. The Great Midland Counties Handicap has obtained a good entry of fifty-seven; the Great Autumn Welter Cup, thirty-three; and the Leamington Grand Annual Steeplechase, forty-three subscribers. Some good racing may therefore be expected to wind up the season.

DONCASTER.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S SALE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL held a sale of racehorses at Albert-gate, on Monday last, when the following prices were realised:—

HORSES IN TRAINING, THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. J. H. TAPLIN.

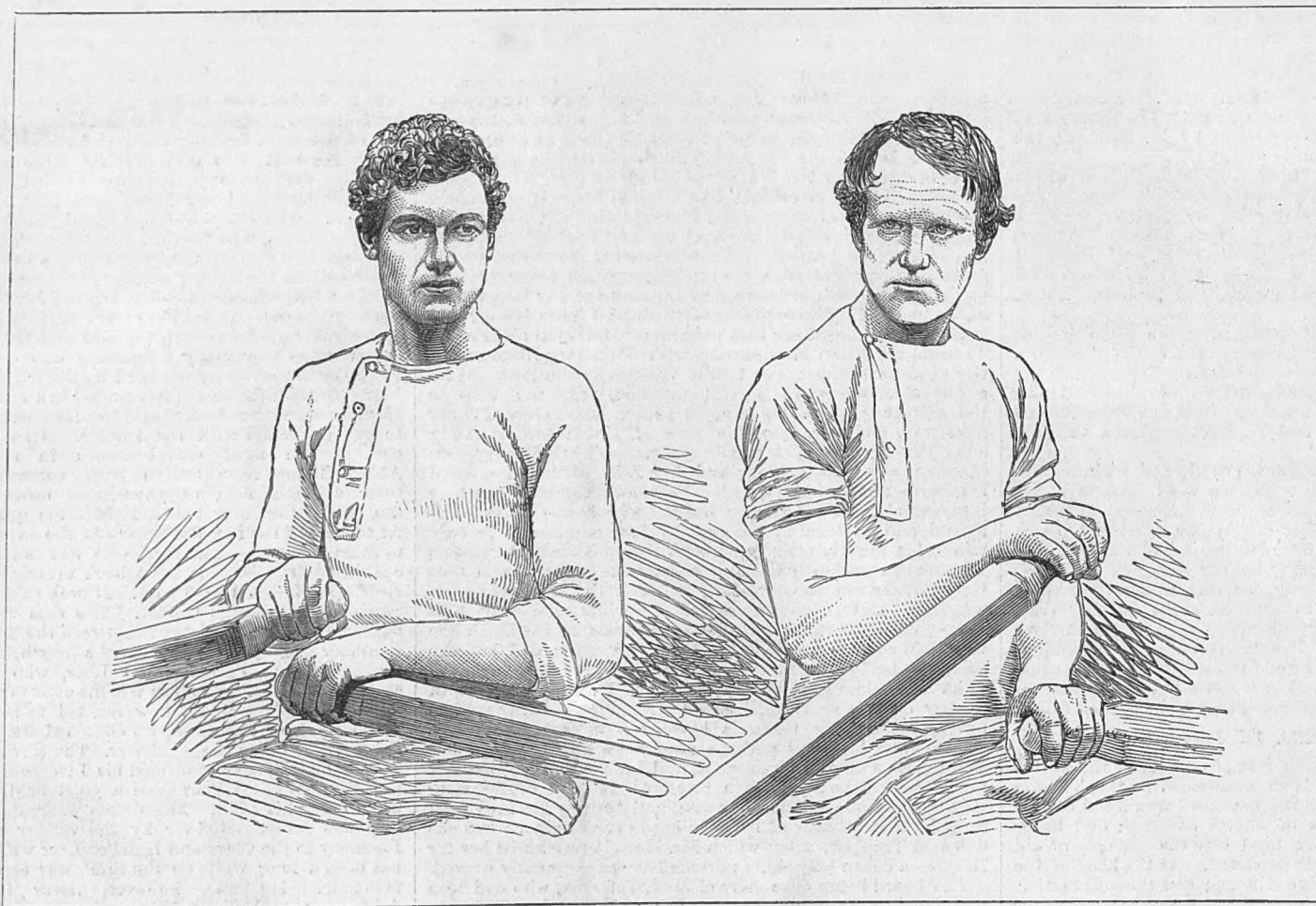
Redcar, 4 yrs, by Underhand, out of Zaidce, by Bandy	Bought in 350
Hannah, 4 yrs, by Breadalbane out of Harebell, by Tower	Bought in 190
Calrossie, 2 yrs, by Scottish Chief out of Curatrix, by The Cure	Bought in 480
B g, 2 yrs, by Underhand—Sarrilva, by Loiterer	Bought in 120
Incognita, 2 yrs, by Voltigeur out of Demi Monde, by King of Trumps,	Bought in 170

YEARLINGS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. DAWSON.

B c by Adventurer—Hoodwink, by Backbiter	Lord Dupplin 150
B c by Thorwaldsen out of Dowager	Mr. Laxton 40
Br f by Le Maréchal out of Knavery	Mr. Laxton 25

THE PROPERTY OF MR. J. JOHNSTONE.

Crusader, b g, 5 yrs, by Lambton out of Alarum, by Alarm	Prince Bathany 230
St. Mark, b g, 5 yrs, by Adventurer out of Gondola, by Weatherbit	Mr. Bibby 210
Shy Girl, br f, 4 yrs, by Tynedale out of Prudence, by Voltigeur,	Mr. Weaver 71
Brother to Bras de Fer, br g, 4 yrs, by Voltigeur out of Sweetbriar, by Touchstone	Mr. Foster 70
B c, 2 yrs, by Rococo out of Lady Studley, by Adventurer	Mr. Waldeck 13½
Bl c, 2 yrs, by Pretender out of Maid of the Glen, by Kingston	Mr. Webster 45
Woodman, ch c, 3 yrs, by Lorenzo out of Mrs. Wood, by Y. Melbourne	Mr. F. Bates 130



THOMAS COLE.

ROBERT COOMBES.

A FAMOUS RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

OLD THAMES CHAMPIONS.

THE accompanying portraits of Robert Coombes and Thomas Cole, taken on the eve of their great race for the championship in 1852, may not be unacceptable to those of our readers who are interested in boating.

The race in question took place on Monday, May 24, 1852. The result was that, after one of the most gallant struggles on record, Robert Coombes, the champion of the Thames and Tyne, the hero of nearly half a hundred desperate conflicts, sustained a defeat. In the course of the previous season Coombes had imparted some of his principle and practice of training to Cole, who was at that time taken under his charge to be got in condition against Robert Newell; and the pupil proved superior to the preceptor. Cole won Doggett's coat and badge in the year 1849, but there was little else on record to recommend him.

Both men had been in training since the early part of the winter; and they came to the starting-post in beautiful condition. Coombes was in his forty-third year, and his rowing weight was 9st 11lb. Cole was only twenty-five years old, and half a stone heavier. The distance was from Putney Bridge to Mortlake; and the attendance of spectators was very great. Betting was brisk at 6 and 7 to 4 on Coombes, and in some instances at 2 to 1.

Soon after five both men rowed to their station, Cole having the choice, and taking the Middlesex side of the centre arch. Royal was umpire for Coombes, Salter for Cole; and Mr. E. Searle officiated as referee.

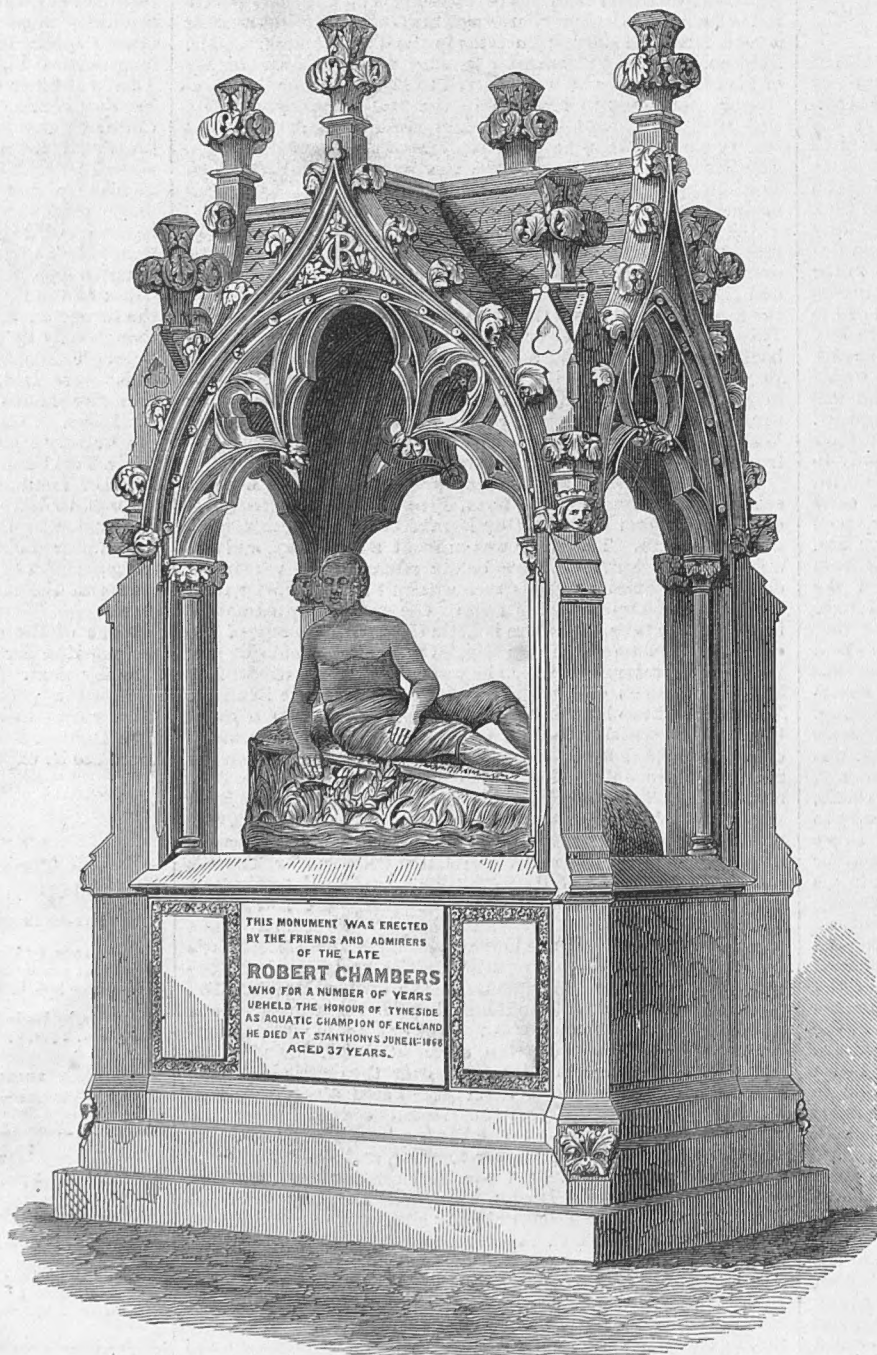
Coombes rapidly dashed his sculls in the water, and took a lead of something like a quarter of a length, which he retained for only about twenty yards; then they were scull and scull; and no two rowing-men ever displayed greater perfection of style, while their pace was surprising. Within fifty yards of the starting-place Cole's boat began to "peer" in front; off the Messrs. Searle's it was three-quarters of a length in advance; and ere their arrival at Craven-cottages he had drawn clear and taken the lead, and was still rowing very powerfully, closely pressed by Coombes. The speed of both was unabated, and the cheers of the partisans of either rent the air. Cole drew a trifle more in advance, but a first-rate spurt brought Coombes's boat again within a yard of his adversary's stern. Both shot through the water towards Hammersmith Bridge, Surrey pier, and the dashing work of Cole put him through the bridge a clear length and a half in advance; but between this and Chiswick Eyot Coombes forced his way within a yard or so of his opponent; but Cole, in three minutes, increased the gap to a boat's length. On nearing the railway-bridge at Barnes it was again lessened by another desperate effort of Coombes; but Cole kept in advance, and won by half a clear length, doing the distance in 29min 12sec.

The portraits, which are from daguerreotypes by Claudet, give with remarkable truth the physique and style of the competing men, and the contrast between the veteran and his more youthful opponent is shown with an accuracy that could not be excelled.

THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT CHAMBERS.

AN illustration of the monument erected over the grave of Robert Chambers will not be without interest this week, when a promising Tyneside sculler has come south to contend for the Championship honours which Chambers held for so long

a period. The monument stands in the Walker Churchyard, Newcastle. It is composed entirely of Prudham stone of the best quality; it is 18ft high, 9ft long, 6ft wide at the base, and consists of three divisions. The first part is a pedestal, with buttresses on the angles, 6ft 6in from the ground, on which is placed a statue of Chambers. Reclining from each angle of the pedestal are four jambs, with columns, and capitals, foliated, 4ft from the top of the pedestal, and on which rests the canopy covering the statue. The canopy is constructed in five parts—viz., four springers springing from each column, forming four arches, and surmounted with a large block forming the four keystones, with roof and gables, enriched with spandrels, with monogram of "R. C." and some foliage; the gables ornamented with crockets and finials, and the roof of the monument is carved with ornamental slates to give variety of effect. It required the weight of thirty-six tons of stone to execute the whole design; the canopy alone required fourteen tons. The style of design is Renaissance; the canopy principally decorated Gothic; and the inscription is:—"This monument was erected by the friends and admirers of the late Robert Chambers, who for a number of years upheld the honour of Tyneside as aquatic champion of England. He died at St. Anthony's, June 4, 1868, aged 37 years." The whole was designed and executed by George Burn, statuary and sculptor, Neville-arcade, Newcastle. The committee of gentlemen who originated the scheme, and successfully carried it through, were Mr. James Wilkinson (chairman), Mr. John Dobson (secretary), Mr. Isaac Cook, Mr. John Brown, Mr. Thomas Sayers, Mr. James Jamieson, Mr. John Smith, and Mr. John Tweddle.



MONUMENT TO BOB CHAMBERS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

THE race between Sadler and Boyd in 1875 will be long remembered, not only on account of the very hollow manner in which the Thames sculler succeeded in holding the title of champion, but from the wonderful high tide which prevailed on the day of the race. In the memory of that mythical individual, "the oldest inhabitant," so high a tide has not been experienced for years; in fact, I have the authority of Mr. Lord, the Thames Conservancy Board, that the early tide on Monday was 5ft above Trinity high-water mark at Kew Bridge. This may be accounted for by the very heavy rains which had fallen of late, causing the land water to come down from the various tributaries of the Thames in enormous quantities. In consequence of the flooded state of the tow-path, viewing the race from this favourite standpoint was almost entirely out of the question; but, on the other hand, there was no lack of steam-boats which accompanied the race, no less than ten of these vessels being chartered by different speculators, and out of this number six were unable to get under Hammersmith Bridge, and thus their occupants saw nothing more of the race after the men had passed this point. One of the boats which succeeded in getting through fairly charged the opposing structure, and in the scrimmage lost her funnel, and went on minus that appendage.



SUTTON, 4 YEARS, THE PROPERTY OF MR. MANNINGTON, WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

One or two of the captains in command, more wise in their generation, went quietly up to Hammersmith half an hour before the competitors were in their boats, and there quietly waited until the men had passed, when they fell in with the remainder of the flotilla which had succeeded in getting under the bridge. But all this is anticipating slightly, and I must hark back to some details before attempting to give an account of the contest itself. The final deposit of £50 a side was made good at the Bull's Head, Barnes, on Friday evening last, when Mr. John Ireland, of the London Rowing Club, was unanimously chosen as umpire, and John Phelps, the well-known old waterman, who owns to the proud sobriquet of "Honest John," was appointed judge. After the north-countryman had received £25 expenses for rowing on the Thames, the question as to what time the race should be started on Monday was broached. It was wisely suggested that, in consequence of the then swollen state of the river, it would be highly probable that some difficulty might be experienced in the steamers getting under the bridges; and at length it was agreed that the race should take place as near two o'clock as possible. Few at that time anticipated what a marvellously high tide was in store on Monday. At the staking of the final deposit one generally expects two or three rather heavy wagers to be laid; but the proceedings throughout were of the tamest character, and, with the exception of two bets of level "tenners" on Sadler, nothing more took place. It is true that one backer of Boyd offered to take £50 to £40, but he met with no response.

A few remarks about the men themselves will not, perhaps, be uninteresting. Sadler, who is thirty-six years of age, stands 5ft 10in in height, and weighed on Monday as nearly as possible 10st 12lb. Many thought that Symes, his trainer, had drawn his man too fine, as before the match was made he weighed over 12st; but then it must be borne in mind that Sadler always trains fine, and although it cannot be denied that on the day of the race he was certainly thin, he looked as hard as possible. Boyd is a much younger man than Sadler; in fact, he is only twenty-one years of age, and is the youngest aspirant for the championship who has as yet tried for that honour. He stands an inch shorter than Sadler and weighs about 11st. Most of his preparatory work for the race was done in the north, under the care of Bright, of the Mushroom. Boyd, on the day of the race, looked very big, and might have profited by a little more hard work; but if any fault has to be found with his condition he himself is alone to blame, as since his arrival at Putney he has acted almost entirely as his own mentor. The boat in which Sadler rowed (he had the choice of three) was built by Jewett, of Dunston, and was christened Kitty Darling. Her dimensions are:—Length 30ft, breadth amidships 12in, height at stern 2½in, height at stem 3½in, and weighs 30lb. Boyd rowed in an outrigger, built by Swaddle and Winship, named the Rising Sun. She is a trifle larger than Sadler's ship, being 30ft 6in long, 11½in in breadth, height at stern 2½in, and at stem 3½in, and weighs about 33lb. It is needless here to enter into the various performances of the two men, let it suffice to say that previously Sadler had twice rowed for the championship—once in 1866, when he was beaten by Chambers, and once last year, when he defeated Bagnall, of Newcastle, with consummate ease. Boyd and Sadler have met before—notably in a mile sculling-match on the Tyne, when, after a most tremendous race, the younger man won by a few feet. A list of the winners of the championship since its institution in 1831 is here appended:—

1831.	C. Campbell	beat C. Williams.
1838.	C. Campbell	beat R. Coombes.
1846.	R. Coombes	beat C. Campbell.
1847.	R. Coombes	beat R. Newell.
1851.	R. Coombes	beat T. Mackinney.
1852.	T. Cole	beat R. Coombes.
1852.	T. Cole	beat R. Coombes.
1854.	J. Messenger	beat T. Cole.
1857.	H. Kelley	beat Messenger.
1859.	R. Chambers	beat Kelley.
1860.	R. Chambers	beat T. White.
1863.	R. Chambers	beat G. W. Everson.
1863.	R. Chambers	beat R. A. W. Green.
1865.	H. Kelley	beat R. Chambers.
1866.	H. Kelley	beat Hamill.
1866.	H. Kelley	beat Hamill.
1866.	R. Chambers	beat J. H. Sadler.
1867.	H. Kelley	beat R. Chambers.
1868.	J. Renforth	beat H. Kelley.
1874.	J. H. Sadler	beat R. Bagnall.
1875.	J. H. Sadler	beat R. W. Boyd.

The weather on Monday morning was comparatively bright and fine, with very little wind; the river was quite smooth, with a very slack tide running up. On shore, at Putney, 5 to 4, and in some cases 6 to 4, was laid on Sadler. The start, as above stated, was fixed for shortly after two o'clock, but it was some time after that hour when the men put off to the starting-point, which was from two skiffs lying just off the Star and Garter. Sadler won the toss, and chose the Middlesex shore, he being shown up by Green, of Hammersmith, from the bows of a twelve-oared cutter, while James Percy acted as Boyd's pilot in an eight-oar, which was steered by the north-countryman's father. Mr. Ireland having put the question "Are you ready?" and receiving no reply, sent them on their journey. Sadler caught the water first, and held a lead of a few feet; but Boyd, putting on a tremendous fast stroke of 43 to the minute, while Sadler was rowing 39 only, quickly made up his lost ground and was level at Simmon's yard. Continuing at the same pace, Boyd had taken the lead on reaching the London Rowing Club boat-house, the relative styles of the two men even thus early affording a most marked contrast; Boyd rowing a short stroke, with scarcely any swing backwards, meeting his sculls and huddling himself up over them, while Sadler was rowing with a long drag, getting well back, and finishing his stroke right up to his chest. At Craven Point, Boyd still keeping on at the same rate with which he started, was a length in front; and about this time, and for the next half-mile or so, Sadler steered in a rather erratic manner, and once or twice was in imminent danger of rowing down on Boyd, who in the most commendable manner gave way on each occasion. In response to the frantic gesticulations of his trainer, the Londoner came out rather wide, and, although by so doing he lost a trifle, all danger of fouling was thereby avoided. The odds had by this time quite changed, and 2 to 1 was laid on Boyd; but on nearing the Rosebank Sadler began to draw up to his opponent, who had by this time dropped his pace to about 40 a minute, and, although Sadler was rowing only 37, it was very plain he was quickly gaining. Off the Crab Tree Sadler was level with Boyd, and, taking one look at him, rowed clean past him as though he had been sitting still. The London division were now in ecstasies, more especially when it almost immediately became palpable that Boyd was completely settled. He lolled about in his boat in a way which showed he was regularly baked, and could not raise the semblance of a scull. Going further and further ahead, Sadler led by two lengths at the Soapworks, and by six at Hammersmith Bridge, where the densely-packed throng cheered him most enthusiastically. To show the slowness of the tide, 10min 15sec had now elapsed since the start. From this point the race, if such it could be termed, resolved itself into a pro-

cession, as at the Doves Sadler was nearly a dozen lengths in front, and at the top of Chiswick-eyot about 100 yards separated the pair. Between the bathing-place and Barnes Bridge he eased up more than once, and at the Bull's Head he almost stopped to wave his hand to someone there. These stoppages, of course, lessened the distance between Boyd and himself, and, although the latter tried to raise a futile spurt once or twice, Sadler ultimately paddled past the winning-post quite a dozen lengths ahead, in the very slow time of 29min 2sec.

Any lengthened comments on so one-sided a race are quite uncalled for. There can be but one opinion as to the relative merits of the men; and even the most prejudiced supporter of Boyd must admit, however reluctantly, that Sadler was by far superior, both in style and pace. Although much the older man, the champion by good rowing alone beat his opponent, who was in full strength and vigour. Without wishing to say anything disparaging of Boyd, it must be confessed that his friends thought him a better man than he proved himself to be. As a "miler," perhaps, he has few equals; but, as the sequel proved, his style of rowing, and that alone, rendered it impossible for him to compass the distance of the championship course. Boyd is still quite young enough to learn how to get rid of his great faults in his rowing, and by copying his late conqueror's style may still obtain the title for which he suffered defeat on Monday. Sadler, it is generally understood, now retires altogether from the rowing world, and is about to start in business as a boatbuilder. He has made lots of friends, all of whom will be heartily glad to hear of his success in his new venture.

A. STRONG AND C. BRIAN, FOR £200.

On the day following the championship these two men—the former of whom hails from Barrow-in-Furness and the latter from Shadwell—rowed for a stake of £100 a side, over the championship course, from Putney to Mortlake. Both had been compelled, shortly before their contest, to lower their colours to Higgins, who by many is looked upon as the more likely to uphold the honour of the Thames. As, however, Strong had made a far better struggle against Higgins than did Brian in his race, the former was made favourite for the contest under notice, odds of 2 to 1 being freely laid on his chance. Nothing could have been more favourable than the weather, and the river was quite smooth, with little or no wind. Brian, who had the Middlesex station, was piloted by Griffiths from the bows of an eight-oar; while Drevitt acted in a similar capacity on the part of Strong. It should be mentioned that the latter seemed as fit as could be, but that Brian appeared to carry too much flesh. Without any "fiddling" at the start, the men got off at the very first attempt; and Strong, rowing a long, sweeping stroke, at once went in front; while Brian rowed short and splashed considerably. At Simmon's yard Strong was a length ahead, and, although Brian spurred occasionally in a very game manner, the north-countryman had increased his advantage to six lengths at Hammersmith Bridge, which was reached in 10min 28sec from the start. At Barnes Bridge Brian had picked up a little, and, although he rowed most pluckily up to the last, Strong paddled quietly past the winning-post fully two lengths in front. Mr. W. H. Leverell acted as umpire.

Exon.

Athletic Sports.

At the Universities there has not been much doing in the way of rowing lately, with the exception of the Challenge Four-oars at Oxford, and the Colquhoun and Macnaghten Sculls at Cambridge. The Isis at Oxford had been flooded to an extent quite unprecedented; but, in spite of this drawback, the races caused as much excitement as ever. Only three crews were entered—viz., University (the holders), Brasenose, and Corpus. Of these Brasenose drew a bye, leaving Corpus and University to row on the first day (Tuesday). Thanks to the bad steering of Corpus, University secured a comparatively easy victory; but in the final heat the holders managed once more to retain the cup, they gaining the verdict, after a very severe race, by one second only. The winning crew was composed as follows:—J. H. Bankes, bow (steerer); 2, H. J. Preston; 3, J. M. Boustead; H. Johnston, stroke. On Wednesday the final heat for the Macnaghten Sculls at Cambridge took place, when G. C. Dicker was somewhat easily defeated by J. C. Fenn, contrary to general expectation. The final heat for the Colquhoun Sculls was rowed on Saturday last between S. A. Saunders (Second Trinity) and J. C. Fenn (First Trinity). The latter was strongly fancied, but, breaking two sculls during the race, was ultimately defeated by sixty yards.

Athletics have for the past week or two only existed in name, except at the two seats of learning, where among various college sports the coming men, in the shape of Freshmen, have had their trials. At Oxford the 100-yards race is said to have been done in 10 2-5 secs by A. L. Scott, of Brasenose, but much dependence cannot be placed in the taking of "the official time," even by a Benson. J. H. Jackson, of Lincoln College, took the 440-yards in a trifle over 54 secs—not a bad time on heavy ground; and the hurdle race (no distance given) was secured by T. F. Jackson (St. John's) in 19 1-5 secs. The course was in a very bad state, which may in some degree account for the slow time of the race. At Cambridge, the Hon. A. Lyttelton's hammer-throwing (94ft 10in) is a good performance for a Freshman, and with practice he should improve much even on this. Beyond this there is nothing either in "times" or distances worthy of note. The London Athletic Club hold one of their very popular meetings at Lillie-bridge on Saturday, but one or two of the most attractive events will result in "walks over"—notably the Mile Challenge Cup (held by W. Slade) and the 440-Yards Challenge Cup (held by F. T. Elborough). In that great farce, the Seven-Miles Walking Challenge Cup, H. F. B. Ansell, the holder, has wisely retired, and public opinion points to H. Venn as the probable winner. In the 220-Yards Open Handicap no less than sixty-one have entered; while for the 120 Handicap for members forty-one have cried content. The 1000-Yards Open Handicap has secured forty-two entries; and the Three-Miles Open Handicap, in which the public invariably take the greatest interest, forty-two, out of which they can select their own fancy. The 600-Yards Challenge Cup has closed with forty-eight entries; but of the remaining event—viz., The Tug of War (which will doubtless cause more amusement than even the Seven-Miles Walking-Race)—it is satisfactory to notice that no less than twenty-three teams of twelve men each have sent in their names.

In football there is little to chronicle. The Royal Engineers, for the Association Cup, have beaten High Wycombe by fifteen goals to nil—a result not unexpected. The same team have also vanquished the Royal Military Academy by six goals to nothing; while the Pilgrims have played a drawn match with Upton Park and have defeated the Prairie Rangers by one goal to nothing. At Eton, the College played a drawn game, at the "Wall," against a strong team of Oxford men; and at Harrow the School have beaten the Wanderers by one goal to nothing.

HUNTING ANTELOPE WITH THE CHEETAH.

To call hunting deer with the cheetah sport is a degradation of the term as generally understood by Englishmen. In one sense it may be called sport, it is true, but the element of cruelty so largely predominates that to most Europeans hunting with the cheetah is in the highest degree distasteful. That glorious exhilaration which the foxhunter feels in a burst across a stiff country, or that grim sense of danger which the "shekarry" feels when stalking a man-eater, are entirely wanting; and yet no one visiting India should miss being present, if he have the chance, on one of the occasions of which we give an illustration on another page, if only as a "spectacle."

This mode of hunting is extremely popular, however, with the natives of India, and many of the Rajahs and chiefs all over the country keep what may be termed regular kennels of tamed and trained cheetahs for the purpose. On the Bombay side it may be said to be more generally indulged in than elsewhere, and at Baroda the sport may be witnessed in its perfection.

The cheetah employed is the *felis jubata*—the hunting leopard of India. It is not maned (*jubata*), however, when domesticated, and it differs in some respects from the true leopard. The paw is long and narrow, like that of a dog, and the claws are not sufficiently retracted to prevent their points from being worn blunt; hence they cannot be used for the purpose of laying hold of the prey. The limbs are long and thin; the body slim and lithe, adapted for a high speed at short distances, but with no "staying" power. This lanky leopard is about 32in in height, yellow in colour, with black spots over the upper part of the body, and black lines from the corners of the mouth to the eyes. The nose is black. The general aspect of the tamed and petted cheetah is not one of fierceness or power; a certain lackadaisical expression characterises his mild, cat-like countenance as he yawns away the hours while being driven on a cart to the vicinity of the deer he is employed to chase.

In response to the invitations which have been issued by the Guicowar, a goodly company assembles, almost before the first streak of dawn, at some spot previously indicated, a few miles from the city. The cheetahs have been sent on in advance, and are there in charge of their keepers, in bullock-carts, or "hackeries," each being carefully secured with a stout rope, and with a leathern hood over its eyes, to be removed only when the game is in view.

The meet is attended in every possible style—some of the sportsmen arriving in dog-carts, others in palkees, while a goodly number appear on horseback. As a rule, however, those who wish to pursue the sport have to transfer themselves into bullock-carts, which proceed across country in single file, and are thus able, from their unsuspicious appearance, to get nearer the deer than would be possible in any other way. After travelling a few miles, a herd of black buck or antelope are seen browsing quietly within easy rifle-range, and the cheetahs are at once prepared for action. Slipping off the leathern hood and loosening the rope, the keeper directs the attention of the cheetah to his quarry, who forthwith bounds into the long grass and, with cat-like movements, creeps nearer and nearer to the herd. Quickening his pace as he approaches, he finally singles out a particular deer and gives chase. The herd dash off in terror from their enemy, but they have espied him too late, and one of their number falls a victim. Seizing it by the neck, the cheetah bears his prey to the ground, and crouches over it like nothing so much as a cat over a mouse. The keepers then rush in, slip the hood over the animal's eyes, and drag it back to the cart; the cavalcade proceeding onward, as before, the same operation being repeated from time to time until the morning is far spent, and the sun rising high in the heavens gives the signal for the return home. Horses and traps are once more put in requisition, while the venison is placed upon the "hackeries," and carried off, and the scared herds of deer are once more left at peace. As will be seen from the foregoing, this is a form of sport in which nothing is left to the sagacity or skill or intelligence of the sportsman, while, on the other hand, the deer stands no chance with its more powerful antagonist if he once succeeds in getting within range—two conditions which we believe to be more or less essential to the true spirit of the chase; but, as illustrative of the country, hunting with the cheetah is certainly curious, and should at least be witnessed once by all who have the opportunity afforded them of doing so.

As we write, a telegram has just arrived announcing the departure of the Prince of Wales on a short sporting tour to Baroda. Our present illustration will therefore be regarded with the additional interest necessarily inspired by this intelligence.

ELEPHANT-FIGHT AT BARODA.

Among the various barbaric amusements in which the late Guicowar of Baroda was fond of indulging, elephant-fighting occupied a prominent place. He used, indeed, to take special delight in all kinds of contests between different kinds of wild beasts and between wild beasts and men; but it is difficult to conceive what pleasure could be derived from witnessing a fight between such docile and intelligent animals as elephants. For some months previously the elephants destined for the sport are fed upon butter and sugar, which produces in them a sort of rabid condition known as "must," in which they will attack anything or anybody that may approach them, with the exception of their own mahout, whom, by a sort of instinct, they never fail to recognise. The company assemble at the "Haghuroo," or elephants' arena, which is a large building walled in, with verandahs round an area in the shape of a parallelogram, about 300 yards long by 200 wide. At each end of the arena stands an elephant, chained by his hind legs, trumpeting furiously and tearing up the ground with his tusks, as if impatient for the tug of war. At last the signal is given, the animals are loosed, and, rushing to meet one another, they strike their heads heavily together with a force which would unseat any but the most expert mahout. Twining their trunks together, they wrestle and strike at one another with their fore-feet; but it is rarely that they are able to use their tusks, as the animals are wary enough not to present their flank to the enemy. For a time the battle rages fast and furious, each elephant being goaded to his utmost by his mahout. Finally one of the combatants begins to fail, he wavers, and eventually turns tail and takes to flight; victor and vanquished being at once removed and re-chained as before. This sport is usually followed by a kind of elephant-baiting, which closely resembles a Spanish bull-fight in its principal features. Here, men called "satmari-wallahs," corresponding to the "toradors" of the bull-ring, goad the beast with red scarves and lighted torches till it becomes frantic with pain and rage, the amusement consisting in the display of dexterity they exhibit in escaping from the attacks of the infuriated animal. As may readily be imagined, this is not without considerable danger to the men engaged, though it is not often that any very serious catastrophe occurs, owing to their extreme agility and presence of mind.

Principal Races Past.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY, NOV. 9.

NOVEMBER HURDLE HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 150 sovs added, the second received 25 sovs, two miles, over eight hurdles, won by Mr. E. Dalglish's Solon, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb, beating Annie, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb, East Acton, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb, and 3 others. Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Solon and Promise, 5 to 1 agst East Acton, and 6 to 1 each agst Annie and Agnes Peel. Won after an exciting race by a short head, Annie beating East Acton by a length, Promise finished fourth, and the others passed the post pulling up.

SELLING HURDLE STAKES of 50 sovs, one mile and a half, over six hurdles, won by Mr. T. Green's b c Rhapsodist, 3 yrs, 10st, beating Neptune, 4 yrs, 11st, Blue Ribbon, 4 yrs, 11st, and 2 others. Betting: 5 to 2 agst Rhapsodist, and 3 to 1 each agst Blue Ribbon, Neptune, and Thornton. Won by a neck.

SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 100 sovs, for two-year-olds, half a mile, 15 sds, won by Mr. James Stevenson's b f Patty, 7st 9lb, beating Plague, 7st, Em, 7st 2lb, Miss Harriott, 7st 11lb, and 3 others. Betting: 9 to 4 agst Fromage, 4 to 1 agst Patty, 5 to 1 agst Em, 100 to 15 agst King at Arms, and 1 to 1 agst Miss Harriott. Won by half a length; Em, who beat Miss Harriott by a head, finishing a length behind Plague, Victoria fifth, and the others tailed off.

WATERLOO WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, five furlongs, 8 sds, won by Mr. Beadman's Marigny, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb, beating La Priponne, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb, Saracen, aged, 10st 4lb, Flourish, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb, and 4 others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Marigny, 6 to 1 each agst La Priponne and Linguist, 8 to 1 each agst Fairy and Haidee, and 10 to 1 agst Grand Duchess. Won by a head; Saracen finished a length off, clear of Flourish, some distance behind whom were Haidee and Linguist, who passed the post abreast, the rest being tailed off.

WESTMORLAND WELTER PLATE of 150 sovs, one mile one furlong, won by Mr. Bingham's b f Memory, by Lord Clifden—Remembrance, 6 yrs, 10st 1lb (inc 3lb extra), beating Chimes, 4 yrs, 11st 1lb (inc 3lb extra), Innishowen, 3 yrs, 10st 8lb (inc 3lb extra), Bay Middleton, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb (inc 3lb extra), and 3 others. Betting: 7 to 4 agst Chimes, 4 to 1 agst Memory, 5 to 1 agst the Ladylike colt, and 6 to 1 agst Innishowen. Won by two lengths, the same separating second and third. Bay Middleton was a bad fourth, and the others pulled up.

MERSEY TRIAL CUP of 150 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, with 50 added, five furlongs, won by Mr. Grainger's b c Magnet, by Macaroni—Poetry, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb (£200), beating Clara, 6 yrs, 10st 3lb, Oxonian, aged, 10st 7lb, Tilley, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb, Ruby, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb, and The Dancing Scotchman, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (car 6st 4lb). Betting: 2 to 1 on Oxonian, 6 to 1 agst Magnet, and 100 to 8 agst any other. Won by half a length, Oxonian three lengths behind the second.

KNOWSLEY NURSERY STAKES of 200 sovs, added to a handicap of 19 sovs each, for two-year-olds, the second received 25 sovs, T.Y.C., won by Lord Wilton's b f Footstep, 7st 12lb, beating St. Agnes, 7st 10lb, Lily of the Valley, 7st 4lb, and 9 others. Betting: 9 to 4 agst Electra, 5 to 1 agst St. Agnes, 6 to 1 each agst Footstep and Lily of the Valley, 8 to agst Pulcherrima, 10 to 1 agst Tentergate. Won by a length. Lily of the Valley finished two lengths behind St. Agnes, clear of Spartacus, who was fourth, Pulcherrima fifth, and Tentergate next.

STEWARDS' CUP of 250 sovs, a subscription handicap of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; second received 25 sovs; Canol Point in; won by Lord Wilton's b m Modena, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb, beating Lady Patricia, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb, Sinecure, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (car 6st 13lb), Cat's-eye, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb (car 7st 3lb), and Genevieve, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb. Betting: 9 to 4 agst Lady Patricia, 3 to 1 agst Modena, 4 to 1 agst Genevieve, 6 to 1 agst Cat's-eye. Won by a short head.

TUESDAY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added; one mile; won by Mr. Skipton's Mozart, 6 yrs, 9st 7lb, beating Prince of Tyre, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb, Countess of Mornington, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb, Napier, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb, and Patrick, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb. Betting: 7 to 4 on Mozart, and 4 to 1 each agst Napier and Prince of Tyre. Won easily by a length; two lengths between second and third.

WEDNESDAY.

BICKERSTAFFE CUP of 250 sovs, by subscription of 15 sovs each, h ft, with 100 sovs added, five furlongs, 17 sds, won by Mr. H. Bird's ch h Lowlander, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb, beating Pursuivant, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb, and Arista, 2 yrs, 6st 9lb. Betting: 4 to 1 on Lowlander. Won very easily by a length; Arista beaten off.

MOLYNEUX NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds, second receives 15 sovs, 3 furlongs 100 yards, won by Mr. Marshall's b f Revillon, 7st 8lb (car 7st 5lb), beating Lord Wilton's c by See-Saw—Honeymoon, 7st 2lb (car 7st 4lb), Agate, 7st 6lb, and six others. Betting: 5 to 2 agst Revillon, 5 to 1 each agst Agate, Domicela, and the Honeymoon colt, 6 to 1 agst Gorse, and 10 to 1 each agst Wellington and the Queen of Diamonds colt. Won a splendid race by a neck, the Honeymoon colt beating Agate by a head; Gorse a bad fourth, and close up with her were the Queen of Diamonds colt and Queensland.

ALT WELTER HANDICAP of 50 sovs, by subscriptions of 5 sovs each, five furlongs.

Mr. W. Sadler's Satisfaction, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb (4lb ex) .. Bruckshaw +—1
Mr. Gerard's ch c Wigwam, 3 yrs, 9st 6lb (4lb ex).....H. Jeffrey +—2
Mr. Skipton's Lady Constance, 3 yrs, 9st 6lb (4lb ex).....F. Webb 3
Betting: 4 to 1 agst Lady Constance, 11 to 2 agst Wigwam, 6 to 1 agst Sugarcane, 100 to 15 each agst Odipus and Trottie, 12 to 1 each agst Friponnier colt and Tilley, 20 to 1 each agst Conseil, Ruby, and Herald. The first race ended in a dead-heat between Satisfaction and Wigwam. Lady Constance finished three lengths off, as far in advance of Trottie, who was fourth, Odipus fifth, and the Troublesome colt next, close together.

Deciding heat—Betting: 6 to 4 on Wigwam, who made strong running, with a lead of three lengths, until within a quarter of a mile of home, when he began to compound, and, not having an effort left when challenged by Satisfaction inside the distance, was beaten easily by two lengths.

GRAND SEFTON STEEPLECHASE of 200 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, the second received 25 sovs, from the Canal Point, won by Mr. H. Houldsworth's b g Daybreak, aged, 11st 7lb, beating Revenge, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb, Spray, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb, and three others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Revenge, 4 to 1 each agst Peter Simple and Daybreak, 5 to 1 agst Royal Charlie, and 8 to 1 agst Spray. Won very easily by twenty lengths, Spray finishing as far behind her fellow-countryman.

GERARD STAKES of 100 sovs, for two-year-olds, half a mile, won by Captain Machell's b c Tetrach, 8st 10lb, beating Jubilent, 8st 7lb, Prophete, 8st 1lb, and 5 others. Betting: 7 to 4 agst Jubilent, 2 to 1 agst Prophete, 8 to 1 agst Blue Bell, 10 to 1 agst Tetrach, 100 to 7 agst Allan Bane. Won by a length, a length and a half separating the two favourites, Brown Sarah a bad fourth, Allan Bane (not ridden out) next, and Blue Bell last.

CROXTETH CUP of 200 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, the second received 25 sovs, five furlongs, won by Mr. Wadlow's b h Instantly, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb, beating Anita, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb, Berryfield, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb, and 6 others. Betting: 4 to 1 agst Woodman of Arden, 9 to 2 agst Instantly, 5 to 1 agst Clara, 6 to 1 agst Mr. Winkle, 10 to 1 each agst Bonny Blue eye and Anita, 12 to 1 agst Sinecure. Won easily by half a length. Berryfield finished as far behind the second, clear of Mr. Winkle, Sinecure fifth, and Woodman of Arden next, half a length each separating the three.

LIVERPOOL NURSERY STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds, the second received 25 sovs, Canal point in, won by Sir G. Chetwynd's b f Lizzie Distin, 8st 2lb, beating St. Agnes, 7st (car 7st 3lb), Mr. F. Pryor's b c by The Rake—Tragedy, 6st 12lb, Electra, 7st 5lb, and four others. Betting: 5 to 2 agst St. Agnes, 100 to 30 each agst Lizzie Distin and the Tragedy colt, 10 to 1 agst Electra, 100 to 8 any other offered. Won by three lengths, St. Agnes finishing a length in advance of the Tragedy colt, who beat Electra by a neck, the Fairminster filly fifth, Mainmast next.

WEDNESDAY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, five furlongs, won by Mr. Gerard's b g Pacha, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb, beating Patty, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb, La Priponne, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb, and four others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Pacha, 5 to 1 agst Patty, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). Won by a neck, Patty beating La Priponne by half a length, Tricotrin a bad fourth, and Creeper, who broke down, walked in a long way behind.

The LIVERPOOL ST. LEGER of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; for three-year-olds. One mile and a quarter. 9 sds.
Mr. H. Vyner's b c Dagoline, by Adventurer—Gondola, 8st 10lb.....J. Osborne w.o.

THURSDAY.—THE CUP DAY.

MATCH: 50 sovs each, h ft. Mile and a half, over six hurdles.
Mr. M. Corbet's b f Hawthorne, 3 yrs, 10st Received.
Mr. J. Cartan's bl h Bras de Fer, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Paid.

BECHER HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, second received 25 sovs; mile and a half, over six hurdles; won by Mr. Morris's Licorice, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb, beating Annie, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb, Juggler, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb, The Pope, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb, and 2 others. Betting: 7 to 4 agst The Pope, 9 to 4 agst Annie, 6 to 1 agst Promise, 7 to 1 agst Furely, and 10 to 1 agst Licorice. The Pope led over the first flight of hurdles in the straight, but lost his position soon afterwards, and Licorice, heading Annie at the next jump, retained his advantage to the end, and won by a length, Juggler finishing three lengths off, half a length in advance of The Pope.

PALATINE NURSERY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds, five furlongs, won by Mr. Beadman's b c Prophete, 7st 2lb, beating Area Belle, 8st 6lb, Spartacus (into Quash), 8st 8lb, and 10 others. Betting: 100 to 30 agst Spartacus, 10 to 1 each agst Prophete, Area Belle, Queensland, and Mistake. Queensland, inside, made play with a slight lead of Fromage. Prophete won by a neck, Spartacus finishing a length behind the second, as far in front of Queensland.

WAVERLEE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, Canal Point in, won by Mr. Gerard's ch c Mr. Winkle, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb, beating Oxonian, aged, 9st 12lb, Tilley, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb, and five others. Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Tilley and Oxonian, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Winkle, 7 to 1 agst Memory. Mr.

Winkle beat Tilley in a canter by a neck, Oxonian finishing three lengths off, a couple in front of Sinecure, close up with whom was Saracen.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP of 500 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft, the second received 50 sovs, about a mile and a half, 36 sds.

Mr. Howett's Activity, by Count—Maggie (h-b), 3 yrs, 7st 11lb

Mr. A. Burwood's Peto, 6 yrs, 7st 4lb (inc 9lb ex)	F. Archer	1
Mr. Westbourne's Genuine, 4 yrs, 7st	Newhouse	2
Mr. Howett's Munden, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb	C. Wood	3
Mr. H. Vyner's Thunder, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb	Morby	4
Mr. Cartwright's Louise Victoria, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb	J. Osborne	0
Mr. Batt's Thorn, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb	Custance	0
Mr. Henegge's Freeman, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb	W. Wood	0
Mr. Grettton's Pageant, 4 yrs, 8st	J. Snowden	0
Mr. Masque's Blantyre, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb	Chaloner	0
Mr. T. Smith's Dalham, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	Huxtable	0
Mr. Skipton's Dukedom, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	Mills	0
Mr. R. Forester's Prodigal, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb	Glover	0
Mr. H. Bragg's Chimes, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb	Weedon	0
Mr. Hornsby's Princess Theresa, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb	Macdonald	0
Mr. F. Swindell's The Curate, 6 yrs, 6st 6lb	Thompson	0
Mr. Holmes's Harriet Laws, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb	Cutler	0
Sir G. Chetwynd's The Grey Palmer, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb	Morgan	0
Mr. Gerard's Harmonides, 3 yrs, 6st	Rossiter	0
Mr. Brayley's Lord Rollo, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	F. Jeffrey	0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Genuine, 100 to 15 agst Princess Theresa, 9 to 1 agst The Grey Palmer, 10 to 1 agst Thunder, 11 to 1 agst Harmonides, 100 to 7 agst Louise Victoria, 20 to 1 each agst Peto and Dalham, 1000 to 45 agst Harriet Laws, 25 to 1 agst Prodigal, 100 to 3 agst Pageant, 1000 to 15 agst Thorn, 100 to 1 agst Chimes, and 15 to 1 agst Mr. Howett's two (Activity and Munden). Activity (ridden by F. Archer) won by four lengths. Munden was not persevered with for second money, which fell to Peto, who beat Genuine by three lengths, Munden finishing fourth, a length behind the favourite. At a clear interval Harmonides and Prodigal were next, close together; and at wide intervals succeeded Thunder, Dalham, The Grey Palmer, Louise Victoria, and Blantyre, who passed the post in the order named; the last two being The Curate and Thorn, the latter of whom walked in. Run in 2min 35sec.

FAZAKERLY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added; for two-year-olds; half a mile; won by Mr. Humphrey's Tetrach, 8st 12lb, beating Miss Harriott, 8st 9lb, Brown Sarah, 8st 9lb, Prince of Tyre, 8st 8lb, and five others. Betting: 5 to 4 agst Tetrach, 5 to 1 agst Patty, 100 to 15 agst Prince of Tyre, 8 to 1 agst Miss Harriott. The favourite won easily by a length, the same separating second and third, and two lengths the third and fourth. Patty was fifth and Jubile next.

DOWNE NURSERY HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 100 sovs added; for two-year-olds; second received 25 sovs; 3 furlongs 100 yards, won by Lord Wilton's br c, by See-Saw—Honeymoon, 6st 10lb, beating Agate, 7st 2lb, Woodlark, 7st, and three others.

Betting: 2 to 1 agst the Honeymoon colt, 3 to 1 agst The Nun, 4 to 1 agst Agate, 6 to 1 agst Chorister. The favourite won easily by a length, Woodlark finishing a length and a half behind the second.

THURSDAY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, Canal Point in, won by Captain Machell's b g Pacha, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb, beating Mozart, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb, Cat's Eye, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb, and 5 others. Betting: 6 to 4 on Mozart, 9 to 2 agst Pacha, 8 to 1 each agst Cat's Eye and Odipus. Pacha won in a canter by a length, Cat's Eye beating the favourite by a head. Saracen, who was last off, finished a bad fourth, and the rest passed the post pulling up. Winner sold to Mr. Skipton for 40gs.

HUNTROYE STAKES of 3 sovs each with 50 added; second received 10 sovs, two miles, won by Mr. G. Payne's b f Cloister, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb, beating Thyra, 5 yrs, 13st, Rouge Gagne, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb, and Vagabond (late Good Friday), 6 yrs, 11st 4lb. Betting: Even on Cloister, 6 to 4 agst Thyra. The favourite won by three lengths, Rouge Gagne finished a dozen behind Thyra, and Vagabond was beaten off.

FRIDAY.

WHITEFIELD NURSERY HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds, T.Y.C., won by Mr. Whittaker's br f Jubilent, 6st 2lb, beating Nun, 6st 9lb, Countess of Mornington, 6st 1lb, and 6 others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Electra, 3 to 1 agst Jubilent, 6 to 1 agst Pulcherrima, 10 to 1 agst Prophete, 100 to 8 each agst The Nun and Willington. Won in a canter by half a length, a length each separating second and third.

TOXTETH HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, five furlongs, won by Mr. Lawrence's Woodcote, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb, beating Trottie, 3 yrs, 6st, Florimel, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb, and 6 others. Betting: 4 to 1 agst Speranza, 5 to 1 each agst Oxonian and Sugarcane, 6 to 1 agst Miss Manfield, 7 to 1 each agst Florimel, Sinecure, and Trottie, 8 to 1 agst Woodcote. Woodcote won easily by a length, Florimel finishing as far behind the second. At a clear interval succeeded Sinecure, Sugarcane, and Miss Manfield abreast, Oxonian being next, and Satisfaction last.

GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP of 500 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 20 each, 10 ft; the second received 50 sovs; winners extra. One mile. 34 sds.

Mr. Burwood's Peto, by Adventurer—Pet, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb (inc 12lb ex)

Mr. Smith nd Dalham, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb	Newhouse	1
Mr. Douglas's Daydream, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb	Mills	2
Mr. Gerard's Harmonides, 6 yrs, 6st 8lb	Thompson	3
Mr. Batt's Thorn, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb	Rossiter	4
Mr. Masque's Blantyre, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	J. Osborne	0
Mr. Westbourne's Genuine, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb	Clement	0
Mr. H. Hall's Pontarabian, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb	C. Wood	0
Mr. Hornsby's Princess Theresa, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb	Morgan	0
Mr. Forrester's Daniel, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb	C. Archer	0
Mr. Vyner's Robin, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb	Weedon	0
Mr. Lawrence's Anita, 4 yrs, 6st	Macdonald	0
Mr. Bingham's Harry Bluff, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	F. Jarvis	0
Mr. T. Hughes's Woodman of Arden, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	F. Jeffrey	0
Mr. Barrington's Darwin, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	Cutler	0

Betting: 5 to 1 agst Peto, 100 to 15 each agst Pontarabian and Genuine, 8 to 1 agst Dalham, 100 to 12 agst Day Dream, 10 to 1 each agst Robin and Darwin, 100 to 8 each agst Harmonides and Anita. Peto won in a canter by three-quarters of a length, Day Dream finishing a length behind the second as far in advance of Harmonides. Princess Theresa was fifth, Genuine sixth, Darwin (who was running into his horses at last) seventh, and Anita next; the last three being Daniel, Blantyre, and Robin. At the Canal-bridge Woodman of Arden stumbled and unshipped Cutler; who was dragged for a short distance, but his foot fortunately came out of the stirrup-iron before the horse reached the edge of the canal, into which he floundered, and was with difficulty rescued.

JOLIFFE TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added, T.Y.C., won by Mr. A. Baltazzi's Blue Bell, 7st 13lb, beating Miss Harriott, 7st 13lb, Dolus, 7st 13lb, and Prince of Tyre, 7st 13lb. Betting: 5 to 4 on Blue Bell, 4 to 1 each agst Miss Harriott and Prince of Tyre. Blue Bell won by a neck, a length separating second and third, and a neck the third and fourth.

CRAVEN STEEPLECHASE of 100 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 5 sovs each; second received 15 sovs; extra; about two miles and three quarters, won by Mr. H. Houldsworth's b g Daybreak, aged, 11st 7lb (inc 14lb extra), beating Gazelle, aged, 10st 11lb, Gamebird, 6 yrs, 11st, and two others. Betting: 11 to 8 agst Gazelle, 2 to 1 agst Daybreak, 5 to 1 agst Purity. Daybreak won easily by three lengths; Gamebird, who finished wonderfully full of running, being ten lengths behind Gazelle.

STAND HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, about two miles and three quarters, won by Mr. Dalglish's br m Little Flo, 6 yrs, 11st 6lb, beating Licorice, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb, Tara, aged, 10st 13lb, and Daniel, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb. Betting: 7 to 4 agst Daniel, 2 to 1 agst Little Flo, 4 to 1 agst Tara. Daniel led over the bush-fence and water-jump, but nearly came down at the latter through jumping sideways, and nobody was surprised when he refused the first fence in the country. Licorice and Tara followed his bad example, but the latter went over at the second attempt, only, however, to refuse the next one, and none of the three proceeded any further. Little Flo up to Valentine's brook fenced superbly, but catching the rail in front with her hind legs became "hung up" until the timber gave way under her weight and let her into the ditch, after Mr. Dalglish had dismounted. Here she remained for upwards of a quarter of an hour before one of the rustics returned with a rope, with which she was dragged out, little the worse. Mr. Dalglish remounted, and Little Flo completed the course amidst loud cheers.

FRIDAY STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, five furlongs, won by Mr. Wheeler's Sir Arthur, 4 yrs, 10st, beating Pacha, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb, Prince of Tyre, 2 yrs, 8st 4lb, and 3 others. Betting: 3 to 1 on Pacha, 100 to 15 agst Sir Arthur, who won by a length; bad third.

For the DUCHY CUP of £97 10s., about a mile and a half, Mr. Vyner's b h Thunder, 5 yrs, 9st, walked over.

BENTINCK WELTER HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, jockeys 3lb extra, five furlongs, won by Mr. T. Hughes's Woodman of Arden, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb (inc 3lb extra), beating Anita, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb (inc 3lb extra), De Cambis, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (inc 3lb extra), and 4 others. Betting: 2 to 1 each agst Anita and De Cambis, 100 to 12 each agst Muffy and Wigwam, 10 to 1 agst Woodman of Arden. Woodman of Arden won by three lengths; bad third. Muffy was fourth, Wigwam fifth, and Battueur next. Cicely was left at the post.

At billiards, W. Cook beat John Roberts, jun., hollow last Monday. They played at the Cremorne Tavern, and Cook was victor by 1000 to 454.

If your teeth decay or discolour use Rowlands' Odonto, which 28s. 9d. per box. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves the hair. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (family bottles, equal to four small), and 21s. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers. (Adv.)

Hunting.

A GOOD DAY WITH THE EARL OF COVENTRY'S HOUNDS.

The fixture of these hounds was at the Old Hills, the property of the Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp, on Monday last, and was one of the largest meets we have had for some time past, and no lover of hunting could complain of bad sport. We had four draws, found in three, and killed one. The weather in the morning was all that could be desired, the sun shone brightly throughout the day, which was a great contrast to the weather we have experienced of late. After a short delay, which was caused by so many huntmen being seen wending their way to the scene of action, a move was made for the new coppice at the foot of the hills; but, unfortunately, Reynard was not at home. Price then threw the hounds into a covert in the straight of New Coppice, and we had not been long in this covert before that melodious note, "Tally-ho!" was heard, and every one present appeared to highly appreciate it. Pug, however, did not make off at a very fast pace, though our hounds were well up with him; and, after taking us along for a short distance, pointed his head in the direction of Flasher's Wood, when being pressed hard by the hounds, who were at the time working their fox remarkably well, on leaving the lodge on the left he made his way by increasing pace through Fauze Wood. Scent from now began to fail; and pug, going across with his head in the direction of Pixham, was allowed to escape, scent being bad. Although we whipped round once or twice we could not pick him up again. From here the signal was for Flasher's Wood, and we had no sooner thrown in than the cry was "Away he goes!" having broken in the direction of Driphill. After taking us along for some distance at a rattling pace, he turned short to the right, when he wended his way as if for Madresfield. Reynard, however, finding it rather hot, made the best of his time by bolting back, in the idea of making a hold in Flasher's Wood, whence he was started; but, the hounds being close on his heels, he did not venture to stay in this "crib," so made a bolt of it in the direction of Driphill, and, failing to reach this place by two fields, was pulled down after a gallant run of thirty minutes. We then trotted away back to the Ashbeds by Newland, but pug was not at home. Off we went to Braces Leigh, but this ended with the same result. We then drew a covert at the back of the asylum, and a fox was soon on his legs, who made along at a rattling pace for Madresfield, with the hounds at full speed.

We might state that out of the large field at the meet there were only about twenty at the finish of the first run.

The Royal staghounds met at the White Hart, Winkfield, on the 12th inst. The morning was bright, and there was a good field out, including many ladies; but the Earl of Hardwick, the noble master, was absent. The deer was uncared on Mr. Bowyer's farm, Malt-hill, and went away slowly, pointing for Warfield, leaving the church on the left, where it hung about, and was taken after a short run. The reserve deer, Flower of the Forest, was then uncared near Winkfield church, and went away in fine style, affording a good run. The going was exceedingly heavy, owing to the recent severe rains, which made it very trying for the horses.

On Monday Lord Coventry's hounds met at the Old Hills. New Coppice was drawn blank. A fox was found in a covert close by, which broke away at a good pace in the direction of Hasker's Wood, and, leaving the lodge on the left, made through Freeze Wood, going across as if to Pixham. The pace was rather slow; and, the scent being bad, the fox gave the field the slip. Another fox was found in Hasker's Wood, and, after a good run, was pulled down close to Driphill.

The Earl of Zetland was out with the Hartforth hounds on Saturday, and, whilst hunting in the neighbourhood of Cockfield, his horse got one of its feet into a rabbit-hole and fell. The Earl was thrown with considerable force over the head of the animal. A carriage was immediately procured, and he was driven to his residence at Aske Hall. Meanwhile, a telegram had been forwarded to Richmond, and Drs. J. Bowes and Williams were quickly in attendance, when it was found that the Earl had dislocated his shoulder. By last accounts, the patient was progressing favourably.

While hunting, on Tuesday, with Lord Galway's hounds, Mr. C. Tylden Wright, managing director of the Shireoaks Colliery, met with a shocking accident. The meet was at Gateford Hall, near Worksop. It appears that the horse ran away, and in trying to clear a high wall it failed, and dashed the rider against the wall. Mr. Wright's head was badly lacerated, and his arms and side were seriously injured. He was picked up insensible and conveyed to his seat at Woodlands.

A fatal hunting accident has to be recorded. On Thursday, the 11th inst., a fox-hunting party were in the valley of the Tamar, about five miles below Launceston, when a groom named Broad, who was accompanying his master, cleared a fence, and, to try the horse, he endeavoured to go back again. The horse refused, and, swerving round, jumped into the river, which was much swollen by the floods. Broad was not seen after, but the horse was captured some way down the river. Both stirrup-leathers were gone, and it was supposed the deceased was caught in some of the bushes.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT A PARTRIDGE DRIVE.

We hasten to commiserate with Lord Henry Lennox on an unlucky shot he made on Friday last while partridge-driving with Lord Hardwicke and a party of friends at Wimpole. It seems that Lord Henry mistook the direction of the line and fired down it, several shots from his Lordship's gun striking Captain Montague on the forehead, and one, unhappily, passing through the eyeball. Captain Montague was at once taken to the nearest surgeon, living at Royston, and thence returned to Wimpole. Mr. Critchett, the eminent oculist, was telegraphed for, and, we are happy to learn, on his arrival, gave some hopes of the sight of the eye being preserved. The next day Captain Montague was able to return to London. On inquiry, we are happy to learn that, considering the serious nature of the case, Captain Montague is progressing most favourably, and stronger hopes are now entertained that the eye may be saved. The greatest sympathy is expressed with Captain Montague, who is deservedly popular in his regiment and in society at large. From inquiries made by us we are happy to say that the gallant Captain is progressing favourably, and will not lose his eyesight.

Miss JULIA MATHEWS, having recovered from her recent illness, has determined to prolong her stay, instead of returning at once to England, as she intended.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Adv.]

BY THE BYE.



NDIA, so long the military, is now the general, rage. It turns up in every direction at all times, filling columns of the daily press, and coming out amongst the advertisements of new books, or old books reissued, in great force. Even the old book-stall-keepers have hunted out every quaint, old discoloured pamphlet, every odd volume, or ancient book of travels, pertaining to India, to meet a suddenly discovered want of information about that country. Thus it came about that we picked up "Tom Raw, the Griffin," a story, in rhyme, of a raw youth's earliest experience of India at the beginning of the present century. The author opens with a complaint

That England knows so little about India,
Consid'ring we return, and with us bring
The wealth of Poona and the lacs of Scindia.

and tells us how Mr. Thomas Raw, after certain adventures by the way, at length reaches Garden Reach, a Calcutta suburb of pretty villas, which, curiously enough, he found to be almost exclusively the residences of lawyers. Having settled in his new abode, the new-comer's first business is the purchasing of a horse at the sale of Tulloh and Co., who were then famous as auctioneers, where he obtains "a large Cutch breeder"—Cutch being a province near Bombay which was famous for the height, bone, and power of its horses, though not for their beauty. On this steed, in pantaloons and pea-green coat arrayed, Tom resolves to "cut a dash" on "the course," but, goading his noble animal too liberally with whip and spur, the indignant brute runs away with him, and, coming into contact with a low buggy containing a fashionable tailor and his portly wife, pitches him violently into the arms of the lady and damaged himself on the shafts. Then we get glimpses of fashionable life in Calcutta; of a school for young ladies whose education



An Indian Beau in 1820

is to lead up to matrimony, for which it is the special business of the masters to prepare them; and of a grand ball at the townhall, where Gunter supplies refreshments and Rappor music, whereat Tommy figures with

His legs and arms all going, visage bold
And red with agitation, downcast eyes,
Extended arms and legs.

We then go to the races, on the morning of which the military are drawn out in review order and guns fired. Tom Raw, having bet largely in a state of great excitement, hears the cry,

"THEY'RE OFF!"

and soon finds, alas! that he has lost "a full month's pay." The griffin next joins the sportsmen of Calcutta, who keep a subscription pack of hounds, and, at last, ventures upon hog-hunting—a sport by no means unattended with serious danger,

Entailing risks of being ripped up or falling;
But Englishmen are made of such odd stuff,
They feel a relish for the chance of mauling.

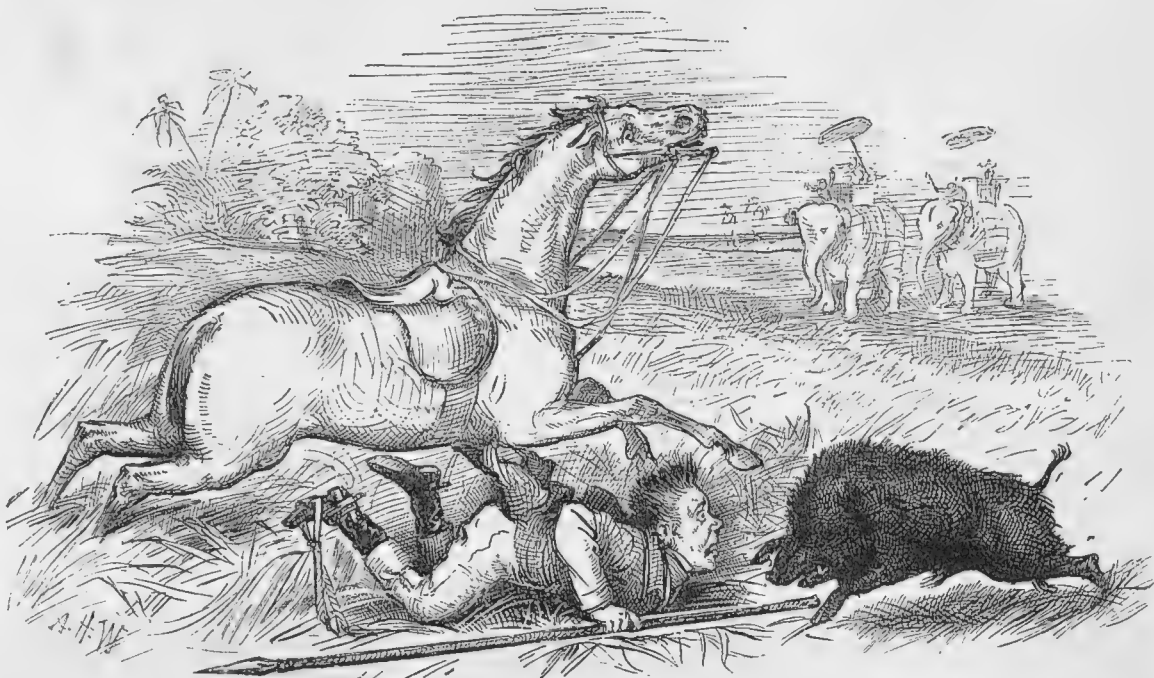
The huntsmen duly find a fierce wild hog, with gnashing tusks and eyeballs sparkling, full of fire and with the straight tail which Indian boars possess, in the reedy confines of a "tank." Then Tom hears

The tom-toms sound, the rattles rend the skies;
The hog, disturbed, pricks up his pointed ear,
His bristles stand on end; his glaring eyes
Express—perhaps his rage, perhaps his fear;
And both, perhaps—tho' that's not very clear.
However, this is certain—out he pops:
The sportsman grasps with double force his spear,
And gives his courser rein.

Tom has been told that the great art is in avoiding over-running the pig, suddenly avoiding the animal's charge, and getting a blow at him with the spear as he passes, aiming just at the shoulder, where the spear-head finds no resistance "from sinew, bone, or gristle" to counteract its laudable intent; and

Thomas, in receiving
The lesson, fancied he could kill a hog
As easily as he could stick a frog.

Thus encouraged, Tommy ventures upon the experiment—which, by-the-by, is one requiring great skill—but is so overcome by fear at the sight of the approaching monster that he loses control over his "bit of blood" from Cutch, and is thrown (see sketch). Luckily, as sprawling like a crab, he thus faces the foe; the awful grimace upon his ghastly face was as terrible to the boar as the boar was to him, so that the



Sport in India - Facing the Enemy.

animal, swerving to the left, to the right gladdening of Tommy's heart, plunged headlong by. Tom Raw has also some unlucky adventures in gheedur or jackal hunting, which resembles fox-hunting, and which affords almost as much sport. We note, too, in passing that the post of whipper-in, as well as that of huntsman, was undertaken by young men of high rank, sometimes by magistrates and judges of the chief court of judicature in the East. We are introduced to the Calcutta Garrick, a young amateur Shakspearean actor named Palmer, of great histrionic repute, said to have surpassed even the best professional actor that up to that time had ever graced the London boards; and we hear, also, of Mrs. Lacy there as a famous professional singer. Praise is awarded to the Persian wine sheraz, a dry white wine, with a flavour of raisins in it. Lion-hunting is mentioned as practised at Hansi, one of the western stations, and towards the jungles on the confines of Lahore. The lions, unlike those of Africa, have very scanty manes. They are terribly fierce, and, like the tiger, give battle when roused.

Tom learns with what mighty preparations and grand shows



and ceremonies the native nabobs and rajahs do their sporting. The whole country for miles around is astir with the news immediately after its projection. The grandees of the Court flock to the Prince "in rich habiliments and robes arrayed," and their tents spread like a great city of canvas. Troops of elephants appear upon the scene, hawks flutter, trumpets sound, packs of dogs bark, and the hunting cheetah, a beautiful spotted panther, appears in his strong cage. When "the hunt is up" the forest is filled with discordant noises, and shakes with the tramp of elephants, men, and horses, as the gaily-bedecked cavalcade passes on; the noble's followers plundering, and, if resisted, murdering, the poor inhabitants as they go, as freely, and with as much impunity, as if they were the legitimate sections of an invading army.

The cheetah is led out chained, and kept hooded until a deer is roused, when its eyes are uncovered, and it springs forth in pursuit of its terrified prey. Raw meat is always at hand to appease its fury, should the deer escape. The hawks are also unhooded and set free; the antelope is hunted; and at last a tiger is discovered in the jungle, put to flight, and pur-

sued until, as usual, it turns at bay, and, with a flying leap, fixes its claws in the head of the foremost elephant.

"Oh, lord!" cried Tom, "this is indeed amazing;
I never knew they sprung up like a cat."

and so on, and so on; for we must not dwell longer on our military griffin's adventures, or we shall want more sketches to illustrate them, for which, just now, we have not the necessary time nor the space.

It is still the custom to play tricks with the raw and inex-



perienced, or, in other words, the griffin, in India; but it is satisfactory to know, or at least hope, that our Royal visitor of 1875 is at least secure from the usual penalties of griffin-hood.

In Knighton's "Forest Life in Ceylon" there is an amusing account of a griffin, one Sparks, who, on his arrival, was particularly curious to see the bread-fruit tree, he being under the impression that the tree supplied the only bread eaten in Ceylon. His host promised to him some in the morning, assuring him that the fruit was superior to the loaves



made by the baker, and only required a slight baking to produce a crust before it was brought to table. An early morning walk brought Sparks to a tree on which were some very remarkable specimens of bread-fruit.

"Why," said Sparkes, "they're white, and look like real bread. I have often read that the bread-fruit is green."

"So it is," replied the host, "until it is ripe. Only three or four are ripe on that tree; all the rest, as you perceive, are green. People write about Ceylon from hearsay, and make odd mistakes."

A coolie was called who gathered "the ripe fruit," and it was taken home, saturated with dew, and eaten for breakfast.

Sparkes didn't quite like the flavour, but was loud in expression of wonder, and asserted that when he wrote home they would never believe him.

But the lady of the bungalow spoilt the writing-home fun by asking the appoo, or butler, what he had been doing to the bread to disfigure it in that way, upon which Sparks laughed immoderately.

"Why, madam," said he, "even you, long as you have been here, don't know the bread-fruit."

"Bread-fruit!" echoed the lady, whilst her husband and another party to the joke became very intent indeed upon the meal; "these are loaves, although how they came in their present condition is more than I can say." As she spoke the appoo suddenly disappeared.

"I saw them gathered," returned Sparks, confidently.

At this the lady discovered the joke, and laughed heartily.

"When people are new to Ceylon, Mr. Sparks," said she, "it

is considered quite allowable—nay, commendable—to deceive them in every possible way. These are not bread-fruit, but loaves that have been partially wetted, the crust having been first removed." And so it was, one of the coolies having overnight ingeniously fastened them to the tree by its tender shoots, in order that Sparks might discover them in the morning.

Like Tom Raw, Sparkes goes through his griffinage as a sportsman in the jungle; and, like Tom, "affliction sore long time he bore."

We were speaking just now of a great Shakspearean actor in India, and we wish we could add some of the critical opinions of the natives of that country on our mighty bard's glorious productions. On that subject, however, the author of "Tom Raw" is silent, although he gives us an amusing account of the amazement with which Hindoos contemplate Europeans degrading themselves by doing their own dancing.

By-the-bye, the great Italian tragedian's recent Shakspearean performance in Paris sends one's mind into a somewhat interesting by-way of dramatic history. Voltaire was scornfully abused for awarding to such rude and inartistic productions as Shakspeare's plays a claim to genius; and when Count Alfred de Vigny, in 1829, put *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice* on the Parisian boards, he said if he had profaned a church his conduct could not have been more solemnly or angrily denounced. The Count's translation of *Othello* was the first of Shakspeare's plays ever acted on the French stage; and while it was being performed, amidst obstacles and difficulties of various kinds, the Revolution of that period broke out.

By-the-bye, M. de Vigny tells us an amusing story with reference to the production of the handkerchief in *Othello*. He says:—

Would you believe, you English, who know what words are spoken in the tragedies of Shakspeare, that the tragic muse of France—Melpomène, as she was then called—was ninety-eight years before she could bring herself to say out audibly, *un mouchoir*? The following are the steps by which she proceeded with a very amusing prudery and embarrassment.

In the year of the Hegira, 1147, which corresponds to the year of our Lord 1782, Melpomène, on occasion of the *hyménée* of a virtuous Turkish lady, wanted her pocket-handkerchief, and, not daring to draw it out of the pocket of her hoop, took out a *billet* instead. In 1792 she again wanted this same handkerchief, at the *hyménée* of a *citoyenne* who called herself a Venetian and cousin of Desdemona, named Hédelmone, and was on the point of taking it out; but whether it was that, under the Directory, it would have been dangerous to be seen to use a handkerchief, or, &c.—in short, she did not venture. In 1820 French tragedy, having now renounced her soubriquet of Melpomène, and borrowing from the German, had again to do with a handkerchief, on occasion of the will of a Queen of Scotland; *ma foi!* she summoned courage, took the handkerchief—*itself*—in her hand before the whole audience, and called it, aloud and undismayed, "tissu" and "don." This was a great step. At last, in 1820, thanks to Shakspeare, she uttered the word—to the terror and swooning of the weak, who that day uttered cries long and loud, but to the satisfaction of the public, the great majority of whom are accustomed to call a *mouchoir*—a *mouchoir*. The word has made its *entré*. Ridiculous triumph! Will it always take us a century to introduce a real word on the stage?

From the same source as that from which the above amusing



THE STRICKEN MALLARD.

illustration of the old French classical drama is obtained we learn that, on the first representation of *Othello*, that reply, which to us sounds so solemn, pathetic, and ominous—"Amen, with all my heart!"—called forth, by its naturalness, a roar of laughter! French dramatic critics pronounced the child-like importunity of Desdemona's pleading—

Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;
I pray thee name the time—

so utterly ludicrous and vulgar as to be conclusive against the entire play. On the occasion of Shakspeare and *Othello*'s first appearance on the stage in Paris the cast was as follows:—

Desdemona..... Mdle. Mars.
Othello..... M. Joanny.
Iago..... M. Perrur.

Mdle. Mars said four men came to the performance every night for the sole purpose of hissing it: they came regularly, occupied a front seat in the pit, and persisted in hissing, even after the success of the tragedy was assured. M. de Vigny was publicly accused by patriots, smarting under the remembrance of Waterloo, of being the perfidious Briton's partisan and seeking the degradation of French dramatic literature; and anonymous letters of a darkly-threatening character warned him to desist from pursuing his anti-national proceedings. *Othello*, however, held the stage for between fifty and sixty nights, and Shakspeare won his Waterloo, as his countrymen had done before him.

Our subject is running away with us; but before we end our present bye-way gossip, we may note that two illustrations prepared for the last "By-the-bye" were accidentally omitted. One was a sketch by Wildrake of the interesting and amiably-inclined gentleman who "found" the dog so regularly, and most frequently when his need of guineas was most urgent—

that is to say, Mr. William Sykes; and the other the ghastly incongruity picked up in the Atlantic, three days' sail from Sandy Hook. We append this. A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

Reviews.

Shooting, its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. Dougal (Sampson Low and Co.). We have in this work a reissue in an amplified form of Mr. Dougal's "Shooting Simplified," the last edition of which was published about ten years ago. Mr. Dougal's new work is dedicated to that most genuine of Scotch sportsmen, Lord Keane. Appropriately enough the writer of this review was instructed in the mysteries of snipe-shooting, at a very early age, by the Hon. John Manly Arbuthnot Keane, brother of the nobleman at whose feet Mr. Dougal now lays all his vast experience acquired during fifty years in the gun trade. Taken on the whole we are much pleased with Mr. Dougal's work, and, it is written in the pleasant versatile manner in which he converses.

We propose to look into his chapter on the gun in the first instance, and to measure the literary value of his work by the perspicuity with which he conveys his ideas on the mechanical questions which must have been more the subjects of his continued study than those field sports with which one, whose business has always lain in town, has probably but a casual or reflected acquaintance.

Mr. Dougal devotes his first chapter to the barrel, and explains at some length the qualities of the various descriptions of iron used. He has transferred his affections to "Damascus" in preference to the silver steel which he praised in his former edition. On the whole, these remarks on the forging and materials for gun-barrels commend themselves to our approval;

except that he is in error in saying that the "strand" of a damascus barrel is twisted "cold" into a spiral. Such is not the case, a moderate heat being employed.

It is impossible to reconcile Mr. Dougal's theories as to the effect of expansion in producing hard shooting with the results obtained by choke-boring. He thus speaks on the subject.

"This is caused by the expansion giving greater facility to the escape of the shot, which has already received its impetus and direction. Let us suppose, on the principle of instructing by showing the opposite, that the barrels contracted towards the muzzle. The pellets in that case would be driven in and upon each other (jostling like racehorses in the narrow part of a course), would injure their spherical shape, and both by that and by the general disturbance lose both force and correctness in direction."—"Shooting Simplified," page 17).

As a recent public gun-trial was won by guns contracted at the muzzle to a degree exceeding anything contemplated by the writer of these sentences, they form an instructive comment on the soundness of the opinions held by the gun trade in 1865 respecting shot-guns.

Another opinion advanced (at page 33) is worth noticing, to show how intelligent men are misled by accepting current theories as true without reflection. Nine gunners out of ten, gunmakers and amateurs included, would assent to the statement "Only the centre pellets of the discharged shot hit an object with the full force developed." Experiment, however, demonstrates that the pellets which strike hardest and penetrate deepest are as frequently found near the edge of the pattern as near the centre. All leave the muzzle with equal velocity, but the subsequent collision of the pellets with each other, caused by those behind pushing forward or deflecting those in front, produces considerable disparity in the velocities which they finally retain. It is much more reasonable to

assert that the foremost layer of pellets fly with the greatest force than that the centre pellets do so.

In connection with the subject "length of barrels" Mr. Dougal brings on the scene his favourite subject of two-eyed versus one-eyed shooting. He explains that, in the former, aim is taken instinctively—i.e., is not taken at all, but comes of itself; in the latter, aim is taken correctly, but the game escapes. He appears to us to miss, however, the true explanation of this difference. The one-eyed shooter misses because he is slow, and, in the effort to get straight on, loses the golden moment, and arrests the movement of the gun. He shoots behind or below everything, and attempts to correct this by firing at imaginary points before or above his game. The two-eyed man fires promptly, with his gun in motion, and so requires to make little allowance for the movement of his mark.

Mr. Dougal talks a good deal of the binocular system and its advantages, and we fully agree with him that in the use of the shot-gun, or generally in the endeavour to hit rapidly-moving objects, there cannot be a doubt as to its being the correct system; but when he proceeds to assert its applicability to target practice with a rifle he is either confused or disingenuous. He cannot really mean to advance that he can aim along one set of sights with both eyes simultaneously. He may, of course, keep the left eye open, but his aiming is as much the exclusive act of the right eye as if he had it shut. This facility of aiming with one eye, or using a telescope with one eye, the other being open but *inactive*, is easily acquired. It has no relation to binocular vision, and confers no real advantage on its possessor as regards rifle-shooting at fixed objects.

In directions for choosing a stock the author is hardly consistent with his binocular theory. The shooter who has already been instructed to keep his head well up and both eyes open is told to throw the gun up, and then, keeping it in position, to close the left eye and ascertain that the eye, breech, front-sight, and object are all in a line. To achieve this *with the head well up* would require a stock far more bent than is usual in this country. The true test is that the gun be found directed at the point on which the eye is fixed. To ascertain this the head must be lowered, and aim taken along the rib without moving the gun from the position into which it was thrown with the head raised. If on frequent repetition a tendency to throw to one side or high or low is detected, a corresponding change in the stock must be made.

In the chapter on recoil we are treated to another of those traditional theories which show much looseness of reasoning. A thin, wide-bored barrel has a peculiar recoil (*vulgariter*, it "kicks"), and the author attributes this to the vibration of the metal under lateral expansion. We humbly object that no lateral expansion can produce recoil. These theories, founded on vibrations, are convenient loopholes whereby to escape from the necessity of giving more exact definitions. The quick recoil of a thin wide-bored barrel is not, however, at all mysterious, and no vibrating theory is requisite. The explosion, acting on a larger area, communicates motion to the mass of the gun more rapidly than is the case in smaller bores, in which, although the mass be no more—may, be even less—the area on which the pressure acts is small. It may be taken as a rule that, with a given charge of powder and shot and a given weight of gun, the suddenness of the recoil is regularly diminished as we diminish the calibre.

With regard to the author's chapter on breechloaders. The value of an invention in breech actions is represented to be proved by its complete success in spite of opposition. Mr. Dougal's favourite lockfast system will hardly stand the test prescribed by himself. We do not know of any gun-maker who has adopted it, except himself; and, although the invention is open to the public, it has failed to secure a place in the favourable estimation of manufacturers. Mr. Dougal is, however, constant to this his first love, and desires much to rest and be thankful. Especially does he deprecate the action of the sporting journals whose editors "feel themselves constrained by justice and generosity to give each new invention a fair and equal chance" by giving "equal publicity to good and to useless inventions." Honest condemnation (of useless inventions) cannot be thought of by an editor with "charitable feelings." This editorial morality may appear strange, but it must be true, as the writer speaks from "personal experience as such a newspaper editor." However, a few lines further on, he lectures himself and the other sporting editors. He tells them they have a higher duty to perform than merely to give praise and make things pleasant all round. This sounds well. We had vague notions of this kind ourselves, but, as Mr. Dougal says such duty is incompatible with impartiality and charitable feelings, we suppose we must give them up. This appears to be the only practical lesson we can draw from his strictures on sporting journals.

In the chapter on the fowling-piece we have a long dissertation on penetration tests, from which we gather that the author considers the brown paper pad a true test only when it can be wholly penetrated by the shot. He proposes as a substitute tin plate; but the method of supporting it on a cleft stick which he delineates is, in our opinion, defective. He admits that the yielding of the plate prevents its penetration; yet, if mounted as he describes, this yielding is variable in different parts of the same plate, the bottom edge being absolutely fixed, while the freedom of movement is considerable at the top. We are alive to the defects of the penetration pad, but Mr. Dougal does not suggest any method which can be accepted as superior.

Express rifles have a separate chapter, in which there is little requiring comment. We would suggest, however, that the path of the bullet cannot be, as described by the author, a slightly-ascending plane. It is a curve, and only under exceptional circumstances is it even a plane curve. He has also reproduced the old fallacy that a rifle-bullet owes its steady flight to friction of the air, and that the same action of the air supports a boy's top. Stability produced by rapid rotation is quite independent of the air, and we would recommend Mr. Dougal to consider the matter a little more closely. Any treatise on the gyroscope will give him juster notions of rotary motion.

In noticing incidentally the great range and accuracy of modern long-range rifles, the author truly remarks that with such weapons sportsmen have not much to do, and explains that a maker celebrated for producing them is thereby disqualified, as it were, from excelling in the production of Express Rifles. This remark appears strange to us who know that at least two makers of match rifles, as well known as Messrs. Rigby and Henry, enjoy reputations second to none for their sporting-rifles.

Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes, for November (A. H. Baily and Co., Cornhill). The portraits in this number of our evergreen gossip are those of Mr. Harcourt Capper, the Master of the Craven, and "Johnny Osborne." The latter is an especially felicitous production, rather idealised, perhaps, but exceedingly like one of the two most popular jockeys in Yorkshire. "Friends in Council" is an earnest and carefully thought-out paper by "Amphion," urging upon the authorities the need of "a thorough revision and subsequent reconstruction of the laws of racing." In "From Knaves-mire to Penhill" we meet with "S." at his best. Mr.

Ashby-Sterry has traversed a good deal of the ground covered by the most genial of turf writers in his present delightful ramble, but the Tiny Traveller looked at the manifold attractions of the dales of Wensley and Swale through somewhat different eyes, and from quite another standpoint. We, the fortunate participants in their keen enjoyment—for each "tiny traveller" possesses the happy knack of making his readers perfectly en rapport with him—feel, however, that the hours we have spent in their company have been equally well bestowed. As will be conjectured, the "horse-talk" of "S." is extremely entertaining. No other term than racy would fitly apply to "F. G.'s" paper on the "Sporting Gent." But why "F. G.?" After the taste of his quality we had in a pipe with Fuller Pilch and in Tom Spring's back-parlour he might have been perfectly comfortable in continuing to write above his complete and well-known name. We envy *Baily* the exclusive possession of "F. G." Our Van is to the full as diverting as it has been heretofore, but why *does* the conductor write so affectedly? His alliteration is puerile, and his ecstasy—note, if you please, the opening of the article—is more suggestive of a force-pump than a natural fountain. This, nevertheless, most entertaining number of *Baily* deserves to be read from end to end, and will, we doubt not, be frequently consulted. It contains, in addition to the features already indicated, a remarkably complete list of hounds, their masters, huntsmen, whips, kennels, &c.

Shakespeare Birthday Book. (Hatchards, Piccadilly.) When Mr. Thackeray published his "Kickleburys on the Rhine" the *Times* newspaper inserted a very dignified and ponderous essay devoted to the annihilation of that effort. The writer of the article attacked with great force the practice of issuing Christmas books, and denounced such unworthy publications as being "opuscles calculated to augment the tide of exhilaration incident upon the exodus of the old year and the inauguration of the new." Thackeray being an author not entirely devoid of the gift of satire, replied to the attack, and his "Essay on Thunder and Small Beer" is a production so merciless in its irony that it is, perhaps, no wonder the leading journal bore the author of "Vanity Fair" a spite which only ended with the great novelist's death. Since that time it has been the fashion, in certain quarters, to reiterate this charge concerning the annual flood of Christmas literature. We presume that this yearly issue is simply an illustration of the well-known doctrine of supply and demand. And if a demand be innocent, we wot of no law, human or Divine, which should render its supply open to the lash of the satirist. For our own part, we hail with pleasure the advent of certain "opuscles," and we have not yet become sufficiently cynical to object to an augmentation of that "tide of exhilaration incident on the exodus of the old year and the inauguration of the new."

This little volume is no doubt intended by its publisher to form one of the volumes destined during the approaching festivities to find their way to tables in a considerable number of boudoirs and drawing-rooms. It is an elegant book, somewhat in the form of a diary; though how anybody could be wicked enough to write in it we can hardly imagine. Opposite the blank left for the observations of the diarist on each day of the month are quotations selected from the works of the national poet. A picture admirably reproduced by photography is inserted before each month, and for frontispiece there is a photograph of the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. As we have hinted, we are not aware of any particular service which the collection will perform to science or literature, but there are thousands of worthy people in this kingdom who do not regard it as felonious to augment tides of exhilaration; who regard with something like a reverent affection the traditions and customs of certain periods; and who select Christmas as a time not unfavourable to the distribution of gifts—to such genial philanthropists we recommend "Shakespeare's Birthday Book."

Poets and Novelists. By G. Barnett Smith. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) In a preface in which modesty and good taste are equally conspicuous, Mr. Smith explains that he might not now have collected and reissued his essays but for the fact that he has been repeatedly "pressed" to do so by "numerous individuals." This is not the first time that a preface has contained this extremely cogent reason for the appearance of a book. What mankind would be without the constant watchfulness, keen perceptiveness, and continued pressing practised by "numerous individuals" is difficult to imagine. The surprising way in which they act in concert, and always without the aid of any promoter or fagman, is one of those phenomena interesting to speculate upon but impossible to account for. They are the real saviours of society: And when there appears a gentleman fitted but unwilling to represent a constituency, or a gentleman capable but not desirous of publishing a work, there is no earthly thing more certain than that the "numerous individuals"—to use a current Hibernicism—will not be backward in coming forward.

Mr. Smith, however, is not wanting in commercial instinct, and evinces considerable shrewdness when he observes that the subjects of his papers are "amongst the most attractive which can be named for lovers of books." It is so. A volume which deals exhaustively with the works of Thackeray, Mrs. Browning, and Hawthorne is pretty sure of a sale, no matter how commonplace may be the criticism; how trite the observations upon character, and how loose the style! The essay on Thackeray is little more than a sketch of the characters in his works. It does not contain a single new thought or new fact. We are told that "the key with which he opened the door of fame was undoubtedly 'Vanity Fair,'" that "a new star had arisen," that, like Milton and others, "he always regarded his first work as his best." The remarks on "Esmond" would appear simply to be the essence of all the newspaper and magazine articles published about Thackeray, carefully but liberally diluted. We are informed, with an air of mingled originality and authority, that in style "Esmond" is an incredible *tour-de-force*. We can assure Mr. Smith that "numerous individuals" have already happened upon that somewhat evident truth. The whole essay is, we say, devoid of originality, and, like all the others in the collection (except that upon Thomas Love Peacock), presents no valid excuse for its reappearance. We regret to add that we have marked on the margins of our copy a greater number of instances of a misapprehension of certain grammatical rules than we care to find in the efforts of a gentleman who comes before the world as a critic of style. "Probably this was the first occasion on which a writer assumed the lecturer and the critic in one," for instance, Mr. Smith may explain as being an "incredible *tour-de-force*." "Numerous individuals," however, will describe it in language less pretentious but far more true.

MISS VIRGINIA BLACKWOOD has been fulfilling a successful engagement at the Worcester Theatre Royal during the past fortnight, appearing in *Little Nelly*, *Hearts are Trumps*, &c.

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Shooting Notes.

THE STRICKEN MALLARD.

(See Illustration.)

Come, come! Mr. Gunner!
Prythce, Mr. Gunner,
A little more powder
Your shot doth require.
Fire! Gunner, fire! do, do!
Old Suffolk Wildfowler's Song.

Wildfowl are reported from our correspondents as arriving in large quantities all round our coasts. No doubt this is the result of the early indications of a severe winter which have thrust themselves pertinaciously upon us during the past few weeks. The old mallard in our illustration appears to have been "crumpled up" by a well-directed shower of shot. Very likely, after discussing with his congeners the *pros* and *cons* of the "choke-bore" question. Cowper says—

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no:
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse—at least, in fable.

Although familiar with the habits of the hare, from keeping two "pets" in his house, Cowper appears to have had little experience of the "language" of wildfowl, or he would never doubt the fact of their being able to communicate their ideas to each other. The writer of this "note," as well as any other "seasoned" wildfowl shooter, can tell in an instant the difference between the *ordinary* note of wildfowl and those intonations denoting alarm, pleasure, or other sensations.

What can be more exhilarating to the ear of the cold and weary shooter than the confident trumpeting cry of a "gaggle" of geese (resembling at a distance the resonant music of a pack of hounds), as, all unsuspecting of his propinquity, they alight upon some oozy bank to feed? How different, however, is the at first inquiring, then suspicious, and finally "alarum"-like "grog," "grog," of an old gander as he "spots" the punter approaching in the gloaming on a winter's morn! Aristophanes exclaimed—

One question answer in the fewest words,
What sort of life is it amongst the birds?

And if we were to answer for the wildfowl who approach our coasts we should say a "very hard one." On the sea-shore the puntsman is ever on their track; and when they fly inland they are "crumpled up" like the old mallard in our illustration. Still, this is "sport," and to get "a shot" what lengths will not a sportsman go? To quote old Drayton—

One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk;
Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk.

BRENT GOOSE.

THE CHOKE-BORE SYSTEM.

The New York *Forest and Stream* says:—"Mr. W. R. Pape.—We had the pleasure of a call, a few days since, from this eminent English gunmaker. Mr. Pape's visit to this country is more one of pleasure than of business. He is now sojourning with some friends in Ohio, enjoying duck-shooting. Mr. Pape is of the opinion that the question of the advantage of the choke-bore system for general shooting has by no means been determined, and as many guns are ordered bored on the old plan as on the new." The italicised portion of this piece of news is our own doing. Really, it is too bad of Mr. Pape to slip away thus from his ally, the editor of our contemporary the *Field*, after being credited by that paper with "the invention" of the choke-bore system, and awarded the prize offered for the "discovery of the inventor." We informed both Mr. Pape and the editor of the *Field* some little time back that one knew as little about "choke-boring" as the other; and we challenged them to explain their knowledge of and connection with this new system of causing shot to "ball" or "concentrate" in a lump upon a 30-in. circle at 40 yards distance. As Mr. Stephen Grant, the well-known gunmaker of St. James's-street, remarked to us, "Who wants to put 260 or 280 pellets into a 30-inch circle? Better spread the same number over a larger space." And, really, this is a most pertinent remark—"who wants" to have his gun bored on this pattern? We have over and over again asked the leading gunmakers if their customers display a partiality to buy guns which "ball" or "club" the shot on the target, and they always reply, "No." "Lancaster's concentrators," "Eley's wire cartridges," "Moore and Grey's" long-range cartridges we have repeatedly heard objected to because they shot "too close" and "ranged" too far; yet now we find the *Field* newspaper recommending that "balling," "clubbing," or "concentrating" barrels should be fixed to our guns. The proper use for "choke-bore" guns is for wildfowl-shooting: as for using such things at a battue or for general shooting, we should as soon think of firing "a ball-cartridge." We must, therefore, again caution the sporting public against being led away by specious and interested statements as to the value of the "choke-bore" system of boring for general use in the field.

LORD LONDENBOROUGH and a party of friends left town on Monday for Londenborough, for a week's shooting.

"Pope's Rifled Air-Pistol" can be had in any quantity at Mr. Vaughan's; and as to guns, rifles, and other kinds of pistols, those who want to invest in good weapons (by any manufacturer) at a low price should send for Mr. Vaughan's catalogue, which is full of other information of a type useful to sportsmen.

GUNS AND PISTOLS of all kinds and descriptions and by all makers may be seen at Mr. C. B. Vaughan's, 39, Strand, W.C. (opposite the Lowther Arcade). The latest importation from America (in the pistol line) is the smallest and handiest weapon one can imagine. This *bijou* fits into one side of a cigar-case, and its existence need not be made known until—as our American cousins say—"wanted." It is related of a backwoodsman (somebody, we presume, like our friend Captain Bogardus) that, upon being shown one of these minute and elegant little weapons, he exclaimed, "Darn it, if you shoot me with one of those, and I find it out, I'll lick you!" Another tale runs that one day upon "Change," in New York, a tiny "crack" was heard in the neighbourhood of a gentleman's waistcoat. The gentleman exclaimed, "Guess my watch-spring's gone again!" while a friend to whom he was talking instantaneously clapped his hand to his eye, and exclaimed, "Wal, Jake, how full 'of fixins' you must be? Your buttons are flyin' all over the place." And, as our clever friend Mr. Ivan Ort, London correspondent of the *New York Daily Sun*, took great pains once to explain to us, "Americans will have humour out of something; but, as we saw one of these *pistolettes* (we shall patent the term) drive a bullet through an inch deal board, we had rather not be a target for one of them. On dit that Wainwright used one of these weapons to effect the fatal tragedy with which he is concerned. They are beautifully got up, and for house protection are, to our minds, much better looking and just as useful as a blunderbuss.

PHELPS AND ROSSI.

Look here upon this picture, and on this:
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers

in art—two actors who may be cited as the representatives of the old and the new schools of acting. The eulogistic notices which Signor Rossi's Hamlet, Othello, and King Lear have elicited from the Paris critics lead us to look for a tragedian equalling Salvini in power, and may well induce London playgoers to form great expectations of the Italian actor's first appearance at Drury Lane next spring. While a French artist has faithfully delineated the natural and easy style of Signor Rossi as Hamlet in the illustration in page 185, an English artist (Mr. Matt Stretch) has, it will be allowed, no less happily represented the dignity of Mr. Phelps in his grand impersonation of Cardinal Wolsey, which our veteran tragedian will repeat at to-day's Gaiety matinee, Mrs. Charles Calvert supporting him as Queen Katherine and Mr. John Clayton as Henry VIII.

Canine Notes.

ON DOG SHOWS.

We have received the schedule of the forthcoming Jersey Dog Show, which is to take place on Jan. 12 and 13, 1876. A more extraordinary document has rarely been presented to us. The schedule contains nineteen classes, the entrance fee in each class being 2s. a dog for members (subscribers of 10s.), and 4s. a dog for non-members. In each class there are two prizes, in all classes of the same value—viz., 5s. for the first prize, and 2s. 6d. for the second prize. Now, can anything be more preposterous than to imagine that owners of dogs, or even mongrels, would care to exhibit their pets under such circumstances? We are fully aware that the majority of exhibitors show, or profess to show, for honour only; but we cannot attach much honour to the winner of a prize of the infinitesimal value of the Jersey premiums. The only class of exhibitor who could exhibit without a loss is a non-member residing on the spot, who could lead his dog to the door of the show, and then, if he won the first prize, he would have the astounding sum of *twelve pence* as his reward, with which to purchase the traditional "piece of plate" (doubtless willow-pattern in this instance) to be handed down to his children's children as a specimen of the encouragement given by the inhabitants of Jersey to the breeding of dogs in a p. 1876.

We have not quoted the above schedule with the intention of injuring the Jersey Show, but with the view of placing before our readers the question "What is a first prize dog?" They know that at most of our great shows there is a champion class, in which the winners of a certain number of first prizes must appear, and are, no doubt, often struck by the lack of quality observable in a dog which is described as having won seven first prizes. This animal is the hero of such shows as we have above alluded to. As far as we have gone there can be no harm done; if good dogs do not appear in a class, a poor dog will probably win; but the mischief done appears to us to lie in the fact that people, seeing the advertising of such and such a stud dog winner of seven prizes, may be tempted to breed from him, and thus perpetuate a breed of very inferior merit—this being exactly opposed to the spirit of dog shows. We confess there are many difficulties in the way of improving this undesirable state of affairs, but fancy that if the Kennel Club, or some such society having influence in the canine world, were to take the matter in hand, and distinguish between first, second, and third class shows, much good would be the result. Pressure upon our space compels us to curtail these remarks, but we should be glad if any of our readers would give us their opinions upon the above subject.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW

opens next Saturday. The show entries number 1000, against 1017 last year, and include 570 sporting and 430 non-sporting dogs.

THE DANDIE DINMONT CLUB.

The above club was formed at Selkirk on Wednesday last, the following gentlemen being elected officers—viz., Lord Melgund, president; P. Lang, Esq., vice-president; and H. Dalziel, Esq., secretary. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and all augurs well for the Dandie Club.

JUDGING BY POINTS.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—My attention has been recently drawn to a letter from Lord Kinnaird to the secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society on the subject of judging by points. It has been recently argued by some, who have not taken the trouble to test it practically, that that method is correct in theory but not workable; such reasoning is very erroneous. As a rule, an intelligent connoisseur will more rapidly and correctly judge a class of birds or animals by this method (and at the same time elucidate his opinions mathematically) than by sticking to the old "Rule of Thumb" mode of procedure, which frequently leads to great squabbling, but gives no explanation nor satisfaction to the general public, whom, I presume, exhibitions are intended to instruct.

What do the public care for the *ipse dixit* of any man, however knowing he may be, unless he is prepared to give that public intelligibly written reason for the judgment he has pronounced? I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Nottingham. JOHN VARLEY.

[We regret to have been compelled to omit a great portion of Mr. Varley's excellent letter, from pressure on our space.]

Sir,—In your article on "Judging by Points" you effectually prove the necessity for a negative scale, by which a dog, or other animal, deficient in one point, though excellent in other respects, can be brought into fair competition with a good all-round specimen. I acknowledge that before reading your article I was opposed to a fixed scale, but must confess to being partially converted by reading the above. I shall be happy to hear what others of your readers say upon the subject.

Yours truly,
L. P. SMITH.

Newcastle, Nov. 14.

ROUGH-COATED KEEPER'S DOG.

Sir,—In answer to your correspondent J. L., I beg to say that I have a long-haired keeper's dog, a cross between a Danish boarhound and a rough-coated St. Bernard. He is an immense creature, standing over 30in, and is a thorough workman. As regards his coat, the same objection applies to him as there does to a rough-coated colley dog—viz., that in snowy or wet weather the damp lies on his coat instead of being thrown off, as in the case of a smooth-coated dog. The dog I allude to is, however, very hardy, and has never had a day's illness since I have had him—a period of over two years. I should not recommend a bull-dog cross with a St. Bernard, as the offspring of such a union would, I suspect, be of too uncertain a temper; but this is mere conjecture on my part. Yours faithfully,
W. S.
Nov. 9, 1875.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Joseph Turnham, a bull-dog breeder of long standing, which took place at his residence, Newnan-street, W., on the 9th inst. Mr. Turnham owned several good dogs, notably his Dick, by Victor, recently sold to the Duke of Hamilton for £50.

AN AMERICAN YACHT-RACE.

The ocean race between the two yachts Dauntless and Resolute to Cape May and return, from and to Stapleton, S.I., commenced on Wednesday, Oct. 27. The entire distance is said to be 225 miles, and the best time previously made by a yacht over this course was 25h 5m 40s, by the Dreadnought, in her race against the Palmer, Oct. 1872.

This race is one of the series emanating from the challenges published by Mr. Rufus Hatch, owner of the Resolute; and although Mr. Bennett's vessel had sailed a hard race the day previous, the slight damages to the rigging and top spars of the Dauntless were repaired in time to start at the time agreed. Profiting by the experience of the preceding day, when the Dauntless did the best part of her sailing on her rail, her owner caused between three and four tons of additional ballast to be placed in her.

The Dauntless crossed the line for a start at 5h 27m 22s p.m., the Resolute at 5h 36m 39s. When the Dauntless had passed Sandy Hook her opponent was about a mile and a half behind, the wind blowing strong from the westward. After passing the Five-Fathom Light the breeze shifted more northward, and sufficiently fresh to suit the most venturesome yachtsman. Ere half the race was sailed the Dauntless had run out of sight of her opponent, and on the following day finished alone, having made the run in about eighteen hours and a half. The Resolute did not finish according to agreement, but went directly to her anchor.

PRESENTATION TO ALFRED SHAW.—On Friday, Nov. 12, at Burton Joyce, Notts, Alfred Shaw was publicly presented with a very handsome silver cup, in acknowledgment of his great merit and ability as a bowler.

"THE PARADISE OF ANGLERS."—Mr. W. Senior ("Red Spinner") writes in his "Waterside Sketches":—"Whether Ireland be a better salmon country than Scotland, or Wales the best trouting land, is not the question. Without any injustice to the bonnie Land o' Cakes, it may however, I think, be taken for granted that the Emerald Isle is, on the whole, the paradise of anglers. Both Scotland and Ireland abound with beautiful streams and an abundance of fish; but in the latter country they are much more accessible to the passing stranger than in the former." Expatiating on the subject, "Red Spinner" adds—"The lakes of County Clare offer probably the best pike-fishing in the United Kingdom, and trout and salmon in the streams; Kerry, with the waters of Killarney, is too well known to be more than mentioned. The Blackwater, Lee, and Bandon are sufficient of themselves to give Cork the highest reputation, and as for Limerick, why need go further than the Shannon?"

Oh, Limerick, it is beautiful, as everybody knows, The River Shannon, full of fish, beside the city flows.

The Shannon, speaking roughly, is full of fish, and, except the famed salmon stretch between Killaloe and Limerick, is free. White trout, brown trout, and monster pike and perch abound in the Shannon waters. . . . Dublin is singularly unfortunate in its fresh-water fishing, but it is a mistake to suppose that the angler is there entirely at fault. It is not so very far from Powerscourt, with the romantic Dargle and its stores of merry little trout. There are pike and perch in the Liffey below the Strawberry gardens, and trout increase with your distance from incomparable Phoenix Park. The best spot I have always, however, found is under the Wicklow mountains, near the source of the river. Kilbride, though a long drive from Dublin, is a very pleasant trip, and often have I compassed it on a jaunting-car. The trout are always small, but they maketonement in their extraordinary quantity and the voracity with which they take the somewhat gaudy little flies by which they are tempted."

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We might quote many striking extracts from M. Rousselet's work for the entertainment of our readers; but we have said enough to justify us in recommending it warmly to their notice. In the magnificent collection of books which the Prince of Wales has selected for presents to the princes, chiefs, and other distinguished natives of India are fifty copies of this work. His Royal Highness's tour will closely follow M. Rousselet's route, and, no doubt, will be followed in his volume by many in anticipation, and often again in illustration, of the Royal progress."

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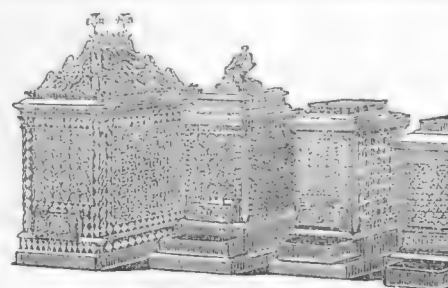
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Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, NOV. 22, the following HORSES, portion of the Stock of the Cob Stud Farm, Cobham, Surrey:—

1. **YOUNG CAMBUSCAN**, by Cambuscan out of Rescue, by Life-Boat, her dam Golden Drop, by Stockwell; quiet to ride.
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1. **MISS ADA**, roan mare, quiet to ride and drive, and carries a lady, with a Filly Foal (foaled April 26, 1875), by The Duke, and covered by Perfection.
2. **JUNO**, roan mare, quiet to ride and drive, and a fine stepper, with a Colt Foal by Perfection (foaled May 15), and covered by him again.
3. **GIPSY**, bay mare, quiet to ride and drive, with good action, with a Colt Foal by Perfection (foaled May 11), and covered by him again.
4. **DOLLY**, dark steel roan mare, quiet to ride and drive, with a Colt Foal (foaled June 23), and covered by Perfection.

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Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, NOV. 22, the following HORSES in TRAINING, BROOD MARES, STALLIONS, &c., the property of a gentleman:—

1. **ROYAL GEORGE**, chestnut horse, 5 years old, by Toxophilite, dam (foaled 1865) by Young Melbourne out of The Rescued.
2. **MANTON**, 4 years old, by Brocket out of Miss Napier, by Orlando.
3. **LADY OF URRARD**, 3 years old, by Lord Lyon out of Mayonaise.
4. **POPINJAY**, bay filly, 3 years old, by Toxophilite out of Beatrice.
5. **GOLDEN SAND**, brown filly, 2 years old, by Young Melbourne out of Quicksand, by Touchstone.
6. **APOLLINARIS**, bay filly, 2 years old, by Lord Chiden out of Potash.
7. **CAMPANULA**, chestnut filly, 2 years old, by Toxophilite out of Blue Bell.
8. **YOUNG HARRY**, bay colt, by Lord Lyon out of H. M. E.
9. **A. B. C.**, 2 years old, by Blinkhoolie out of Miss Napier (Manton's dam).
10. **ALEXANDER**, by Atherton out of Wombat, by West Australian.
11. **STRUAN**, 6 years old, by Blair Athol out of Terrific.
12. **H. M. E.**, by Skirmisher out of Mayonaise; covered by Musk.
13. **BLUE BELL**, by Thormanby out of Tightfit; covered by Pell Mell.

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LIFE GUARDSMAN, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Easby's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse. Life Guardsman is a very fine specimen of the Yorkshire coaching horse. From his pure coach-horse breeding, great power, size, substance, height, action, handsome appearance, and colour, which he inherits from a long line of bay horses and mares, he is exactly what is required to beget the large London bay carriage-horses for which there is always such an enormous demand. Can be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W. For price apply to Mr. TATTERSALL, Albert-gate.

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GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY, NOV. 20, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, the Kennel of G. J. Tanton, Esq. The same day, Saplings from James Gardner, Esq., Newmarket. Saturday, Nov. 27, Miscellaneous Sale. Saturday, Dec. 11, Mr. R. Clementson's Annual Sale. Saturday, Dec. 18, Mr. Clark's Annual Sale. Catalogues on application at Aldridge's. WILLIAM AND STEWART FREEMAN, Proprietors.

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CROYDON NOVEMBER FLAT

RACES.
SATURDAY, NOV. 27.
(Under the Newmarket Rules of Racing.)

The **SHIRLEY PLATE** (Handicap) of 70 sovs; entrance, 3 sovs each, to go to the fund; any winner of a handicap after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb extra; any other winner, 3lb extra. Five furlongs.
To close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, by Tuesday next, Nov. 23, and the weights to be published on the following Thursday.

The **NURSERY HANDICAP** of 5 sovs each for runners, with 50 sovs added, for two-year-olds; entrance, 2 sovs each, to go to the fund; any winner of a handicap after the publication of the weights to carry 10lb extra; any other winner, 5lb extra. Five furlongs.
To close and name as for the Shirley Plate.

The **SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP** of 50 sovs, for two-year-olds; entrance 2 sovs each, to go to the fund; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs, &c.; any winner after the publication of the weights to carry 7lb extra. Half a mile.

To close and name as for the Shirley Plate.
The **SELLING WELTER HANDICAP** of 5 sovs each, with 25 sovs added; any winner after publication of the weights to carry 7lb extra; the lowest weight to be 8st 10lb; five to enter or no race; the winner to be sold by auction for 100 sovs, &c. Three-quarters of a mile.

To close and name as for the Shirley Plate.
The **MILE SELLING RACE** of 5 sovs each, with 30 added, for two-year-olds, 7st 7lb; three, 9st 7lb; four, 10st; five and upwards, 10st 4lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; maidens allowed 5lb; winner to be sold for 70 sovs; if entered to be sold for 50 sovs, allowed 5lb; four to enter or no race. One mile.

To close and name to the Clerk of the Course, at the Greyhound Hotel, Croydon, by seven o'clock the evening before running.

The **HAY and CORN STAKES** of 5 sovs each, with 25 added, for two-year-olds, 7st 7lb; three, 9st 10lb; four, 9st 2lb; five and upwards, 9st 4lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; previous winners of 70 sovs at any one time to carry 5lb extra; horses which have not won during the present year allowed 5lb; five to enter or no race; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs; if entered to be sold for 30 sovs, allowed 7lb. Five furlongs.

To close and name to the Clerk of the Course, at the Greyhound Hotel, Croydon, by seven o'clock the evening before running.

In all races at this meeting three horses, the property of different owners, to start, or only such portion of the added money will be given as the stewards direct.

In all plates any number of horses the property of the same owner may start.

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Mr. G. H. VERRALL, Judge.
Mr. J. F. VERRALL, The Mulberries, Denmark-hill, London, S.E., Clerk of the Course and Handicapper.
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At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluetam, Gardevoir, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenio, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25s, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10s, and 10s. the groom.

CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules, Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put in his produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5s, thoroughbred, and 3s, half-bred mares, and 5s. the groom.

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JOSKIN, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20s, and one guinea the groom.

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THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangerman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George, out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Rataplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10s, 10s the groom).

THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. He was a good racehorse, up to great weight; his half-bred stock in Lincolnshire are very fine; the only racehorse got by him is Amazon, a winner at two and three years old; the only yearling sold last year at Doncaster by him made 260s; he is now in fine condition and very handsome, the type of the Arab; up to 16st. Thoroughbred mares at 10s and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5s and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Rupert thus combines the fastest with the best staying blood; he is very handsome, a beautiful red roan, with black legs, tail, and mane, fine shoulders, showy action, good bone, and fine temper; he was a good racehorse, started six times at three years old, winning three times, the Rous Stakes and the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood, besides running in the Goodwood Cup the same week; he was fourth in the Derby. Thoroughbred mares at 10s, half-bred mares at 5s, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

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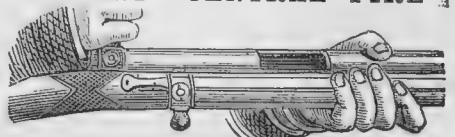
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

BROTHER JONATHAN has once come among us with a cargo of thoroughbreds, but not with that boastful flourish of trumpets and loudly proclaimed determination to "thrash them darned Britishers," which heralded the advent of Mr. Ten Broeck and his horses fifteen years ago. Mr. Sanford seeks our shores in humbler guise, and more, as he expresses it, in the character of an experimentalist than of a conqueror. His string of representatives, which were landed from the Celtic at Liverpool last week, are of all ages, from the six-year-old Preakness to a batch of yearlings; and along with the owner comes his trainer and jockeys, so that to John Bull he will be beholden for nothing, save board and lodging, and, we may add, a hearty welcome to his downs and wolds. We have a vivid recollection of the jealousy and dislike of American intrusion upon our racecourses, when the imperturbable "Tenny" first made his staring "orange jacket and black belt" known in England; nor shall we readily forget the impression created by the appearance of that sensational horse Umpire in the paddock at Epsom. His surroundings were full of mystery; and his trainer, who might have been a cross between the American backwoodsman and the wild Irishman of Donnybrook fair, with his fur cap and ponderous shillelagh, kept at bay all those curiously inclined, as he walked up and down under the hedge with his horse, waiting for Ten Broeck and Fordham. Mr. Sanford will find many and great changes from the year of Thormanby's triumph, and out of the thirty runners which faced the starter on that memorable day there are few surviving, while the colours of those represented in the race have been mostly wiped out of the *Calendar*, through death or secession of the principal turf characters of 1860.

The ensigns of Merry, Nicholl, Christie, Palmerston, Wyatt, Rothschild, Derby, Portsmouth, Glasgow, Monck, Hawley, Gratwicke, and Jacques, and of half a score of others who tried conclusions with the son of "old Alice," have for the most part ceased to "flout the sky," and a new generation have sprung up in their stead; endowed, perhaps, with more cosmopolitan notions than their predecessors, but still anxious to uphold the glories of the old mother country. A long succession of reverses received at the hands of Teuton and Gaul has rendered us less touchy and sensitive than the turf aristocracy of twenty years ago, who looked upon the admission of foreigners to a share in their favourite sport in much the same

spirit as Roman politicians would regard an irruption of Goths and Vandals into the sacred places of the Eternal City. Since the days of Gladiateur, we have become better accustomed to the uses of adversity, and rather welcome the alien element to infuse fresh interest into racing pursuits. We are still apt to resent those boastful and arrogant declarations usually associated with Yankee enterprise; but Mr. Sanford has come so quietly and so modestly among us that he is certain to receive a hearty welcome among British sportsmen, from those occupying high places in the turf senate to the humbler supporters of racing throughout the kingdom. American racing institutions will have a fair trial among us, and we look forward to the meeting of English horses with their American cousins as likely to bring about a partial solution to the vexed question of equine deterioration. We regard Mr. Sanford's team as representative animals from the "Far West," and are prepared to show them all the hospitality in our power, and every encouragement to compete with the flower of our English thoroughbreds.

Much anxiety will naturally be evinced to obtain a sight of these descendants of the pilgrim fathers which left our shores years ago to colonize America with blood stock from the old country. Lexington's name of course crops up frequently in their pedigrees, and we have heard so much of his prowess as a sire that we are anxious to compare his yearlings with those of our own breeding. We understand, too, that, by the aid of his veteran Preakness, Mr. Sanford proposes to gauge the qualities of our vaunted Cup horses, a trial which we hope will set the question at rest for ever. We should do well, in our hospitable reception of these Transatlantic guests, to bear in mind the old motto, *fas est ab hoste doceri*, and not to disregard American notions as to the diet, training, and riding of racehorses merely because their practice may not happen to agree with our own. The greater number of our trainers proceed far too much on the rule-of-thumb principle; and, although more science has been imported into the profession since the beginning of the century, there are still many wrinkles to be learnt, and the peculiarly 'cute Yankee may be expected to startle us with some of his novel theories. Many things here, on the other hand, will strike our visitors as passing strange, more especially our system of touting as connected with the sporting press, and the vagaries of handicappers, both professional and amateur. What they will say to "special commissioners," when they present themselves at stable hours for the purpose of interviewing the cracks, we are at a loss to imagine; but they will, no doubt, adapt themselves in time to the ways of the Britisher, more especially if they should be fortunate enough to secure one or more of those rich prizes, which shine with fourfold brilliancy when calculated in dollars.

We are sure we are only echoing the sentiments of every lover of racing when we bid Mr. Sanford a hearty welcome to England. Let him mingle freely in our sport with noble and simple, and secure his share of success, which no one will begrudge him. If his horses show a marked superiority to our own, we shall doubtless be glad to retain some of his cracks for the purpose of invigorating our own impoverished resources; nay, the ten days' voyage by water would not deter the most enterprising among our breeders from sending a detachment of their mares on a visit to sires in America. We have all nationalities claiming to cast in at our national game. French, Austrians, Russians, Italians, Prussians, Hungarians, and Swedes carry off our Derbys, Cups, and big handicaps just as coolly as if they had been to the manner born. We only require Brother Jonathan to complete the family circle, and to show us whether he is as "spry" at putting horses together as he is in monetary and mercantile transactions. The dead season is all before Mr. Sanford's recent importations, to recover from the effects of a sea voyage and to start fair with our own horses when spring again comes round. We hope the American string may be entered freely for all manner of races, over all sorts of distances. We have some good "trying tackle" in any class which may be selected, with Lowlander and Galopin to show them the way in sprint races, and Fraulein, Aventurière, and such like to take care of them in Cups. Fair play they are certain to find; and already we owe Mr. Sanford a debt of thanks for his spirit and enterprise in "sticking up" so pluckily against the old country, even if it should happen that he is prevented from carrying out his intentions—a misfortune unlikely in the extreme, when we consider that both sides are eager for the fray and to see the best win.

"THREE MILES FROM THE MARBLE ARCH."

THERE is a very true saying that people never care to go and see that which lies under their very noses, but must needs travel further afield in search of novelties, like the excellent Dr. Syntax of a past generation. We will venture to say that but few out of the many sporting and horse-loving denizens of the little village are aware that a stud farm is, and has now been for some time, in full swing almost at their doors, or, at least, within twenty minutes' ride of the fashionable regions of Belgravia and Tyburnia. It is a well-ascertained fact that the inhabitants of great cities know less about the sights and lions of places where they were born and bred than of the wonders of foreign towns. Travellers who are eloquent over the Bridge of Sighs at Venice have never—many of them, at least—penetrated into the regions beloved of cockney holiday-makers, where stands the Tower of London; and the odds are against a member of "society" having made an ascent of the Monument, though they are mostly in favour of his having climbed the Righi. So admirers and followers of the thoroughbred in sale-ring or racecourse make their expeditions to Hampton, Cobham, and Eltham with all the punctiliousness of a Mohammedan bent on visiting the shrine of the Prophet at Mecca; but it never seems to enter their heads that anything but a Nazareth of horseflesh can exist within hearing of the roar of London stones or within eyeshot of its spires and steeples. Only a short distance from the turning out of the great western artery of traffic, where aristocratic travellers diverge towards the Gun Club inclosure at Wormwood-scrubbs, lies the Shepherd's-Bush Stud Farm, pushed back from the great thoroughfare known as the Uxbridge-road, along which Mr. Eden tools his yellow coach in summer days to such pleasant music of hoof and horn. Northwards rattles the iron road which leads into the "rich heart of the west;" eastwards the "smoke cloud rolling dun," hangs over London, and a drop-

ping fire tells of rifle practice at the Scrubbs; while towards the setting sun rich meadows stretch broad and green towards the peaceful retirement of East Acton, whose paddocks in days gone by were sacred to the loves of Scottish Chief and the merry matrons who flocked to his spring levees. His old companion in arms, Costa, "the last of the Barons," holds his court at Shepherd's-bush, almost within hail of his old home; and but for the steady advance of the great city pushing its outposts into fresh fields and pastures new, you might be miles away from the dust and whirl of the modern Babylon. It must have been long time indeed since the gentle shepherd courted his Amaryllys here under the bush, or drove his flock afield to browse on the grassy slopes of Notting-hill. In after days, when the pastoral character of the scene had yielded to the requirements of a population advancing westward, the highway was long notorious for its "gentlemen of the road," many of whom, we may believe, had to pull up short in their careers a little further on, where the gaol-birds of those days of hot-handed justice flocked to their last trysting-place under Tyburn tree.

Be this as it may, we preferred to while away our morning here to lingering about City corners in anticipation of the Lord Mayor's Show, and turned our steps in a direction leading far away from the pomps and vanities of civic pageant. True to its ancient traditions, the November fog hung drearily over dark meadows and round homesteads sheltered from the pernicious east by cinctures of yellowing elm and oak, and the very fowls roaming in search of a morning meal over the ample straw bed looked as if they would be glad when the day's business was over, and roosting-time came with dusk.

Costa showed off his true and easy action to perfection as he trotted and cantered round the ring, oftentimes slackening his speed to clear an imaginary space with his heels, or fighting the air as he reared up like the white horse of Kent, which bears "Invicta" for its device. Costa is one of the few instances of a superbly-bred horse lost to the world partly through neglect, and partly through many seasons' run of bad luck with his most promising stock. Mr. Merry lent him a helping hand; but the results of his liberality went unrewarded, and fate has persistently declared against more than one of his buds of promise in their early days. His foals seem to have come bigger and lengthier of late; but, so far, he has got nothing nearly so good as himself, and the fine blood of The Baron must be sought after filtered through other strains. Costa bears a strong resemblance, both in colour and shape, to Matthew Dawson's old favourite, the "sweet Catherine Hayes;" and, beyond being a trifle short, there is not much fault to find in him. About a stone below Buckstone was, we believe, his Russley form; but his wonderful blood saved him from casting in his lot with the plating division, and several of his yearlings were full of promise this spring.

Clansman is always associated in our minds with the Salamander jacket of Mr. Studd, but he failed to hold his own over Aintree like his "friend and fellow-countryman," and has come down to do the half-bred business at Shepherd's-bush. A nice little horse he is, too, and a regular Birdcatcher all over; with shape and quality to correct their opposites of angularity and coarseness in the equine tribes. Out of his first thoroughbred alliance came a winner, and nearly half a hundred mares were put down to him last season. From the formation of his back and quarters we can quite believe that his action is all that can be desired, and he promises to rally the clans round him again next season.

Lord Lyon we had not set eyes on since Rama gave him his second long-distance dressing over the Carholme, whither he had been brought, with rather a flourish of trumpets, "to show my tenants;" and many things may be said to have become him better than his parting performance at Lincoln. His first batch of foals included Cœur de Lion, and were nearly all winners; and we cannot readily forget the results of his sojourn at Neasham, Mr. Cookson's string at Doncaster making quite a sensation that year, containing as it did such yearlings as Lord Marmion, Sir David, and Lindesay. My Lord's fortune was then reckoned as made; but from various causes, chiefest among which was the too liberal use of him in his early days at the stud, his stock did not continue in their welldoing, and became a sort of drug upon the market. Trainers complained of their softness, and many seemed to go to pieces before they could manage to win a race. Lord Lyon ceased to be the fashion; but, to those who still held belief in him as a sire and had the pluck to patronise him, it soon became apparent that he was making up his lee-way very fast. Water Lily and others have given him a good lift this season, as the class-list issued by Messrs. Weatherby next month will duly show; and we understand that Lord Falmouth has a good word to give him for service done to his Mereworth stud. Barring a slight inclination to chronic lameness, inherited from old Paradigm, the horse looks hale and hearty enough, his four white heels flashing to a merry tune when lunged or walked, his custom of an afternoon in the winter. Ill-luck seems to dog winners of the "triple crown" most unaccountably; and West Australian, Gladiateur, and Lord Lyon are cases in point, as if to show that the pets of fortune on the turf are, by a sort of retributive justice, denied the continuation of her favours at the stud, and that, after the good things of their lives, comes the alloy of evil in later days.

We held an indoor audience of the dozen or so of mares wisely kept at home safe from the noxious influences of frost and fog. Louise Leclercq, like her namesake, was neatness itself, and quite a juvenile Touchstone mare, with many more prolific seasons in store. The white-legged Angelica has a double cross of the same excellent blood, and has acquired yet another strain in her offspring due to Mars early in '76. Diver-tissement is a nice, short-legged, compact mare, reminding one rather of Shannon's dam, and with various streams of the best running blood uniting in her veins. The Plum shows great depth and substance, and claims distant relationship to "old Alice," while Black Sarah is one of the few Yellow Jack mares at the stud, with such names as Libel and Emilius cropping up in her dam's pedigree. Woodbine is one of Erin's daughters, but hardly so comely as many of the Shelahs upon which we have cast eyes; and in Small Arms we have a combination of Lacydes and Musket's dam, "roomy" enough for anything, and with as good a set of limbs as such parentage might be expected to produce. Sherwood Lass is by Robin Hood out of Winslow's dam, at present slightly on the leggy side, as might be expected from a fusion of the Wild Dayrell and Harkaway strains, but promising to make a grand mare in time. In Vauluse we have a specimen of the "almighty Dollar" from over the water, and Sonata is a well-named daughter of Costa and the flying Clotilde, the latter name taking us back to memories of Lord John Scott and a Steward's Cup victory long since forgotten.

The pasture comprises about 120 acres, a large portion of which has been recently acquired, and there is ample accommodation for all orders and degrees of lady visitors, when the turn of the year shall bring round the reception days of Lord Lyon and Costa once more.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[ADVT.]

SUTTON.

THE deeper we penetrate into stud-book lore the more clearly does it become apparent that certain affinities exist between opposite strains of blood, and that breeding is not quite the lottery many would have it to be. This is more especially the case in the pedigree of the Cambridgeshire winner. He was got by Saccharometer out of Christmas Pie by Mountain Deer out of Foinualla by Irish Birdcatcher. These two families have been previously allied with satisfactory results, although the elements on each side have become diluted by various interminglings with other strains. Sweetmeat and Foinualla, the paternal and maternal grandparents of Sutton, have previously "come together," and produced that very smart horse Plum Pudding, who, as many of our readers will recollect, took the place of Buccaneer in the Two Thousand Guineas quotations of 1860, after the hapless son of Wild Dayrell had succumbed to the vile arts of the nobbler. Foinualla had produced Kingstown (second to Wild Dayrell for the Derby) to Tearaway, and Mincepie (winner of the Oaks) to Sweetmeat; so that she has been a tower of strength among Irish brood mares, and has been put to animals of a better class than is usually the case on the other side of St. George's Channel. In addition to the above-mentioned strains, Sutton, through his sire, Saccharometer, gets the Iago (Don John) and Pantaloon and Camel quarterings; while his escutcheon is further enriched by the slice of Touchstone coming through Mountain Deer on his dam's side. It would be strange, indeed, if a horse so aristocratically connected, moderately good-looking, fairly sound, and with a feather-weight, should not render a good account of himself in a race so peculiarly adapted for crocks with groggy forelegs as the Cambridgeshire. We need not enlarge upon his easily-achieved success; neither is there any occasion for us to hunt up and set forth his previous performances. Sutton is one of the wiry sort; a trifle inclined to be leggy—a characteristic we have more than once observed in the stock of the defunct Saccharometer. Vanderdecken is very much "that way inclined;" and several others have shown similar "soaring" proclivities. Sutton's victory has once more floated the notion indulged in by so many of a minimum weight for horses above three years old in handicaps. The theory is an excellent one; but it requires very little foresight to discover that its introduction would have the inevitable effect of lessening the number of entries, and consequently the importance of races like the great autumn handicaps. One effect Sutton's victory is sure to have, at least for some time to come—namely, of making handicappers extra cautious and suspicious, and the game of those who intrust their fortunes to unseaworthy bottoms, in the hope of their getting through one voyage with a light freight, is evidently "up" for the present. The Goats have at last brought off their "moral certainty," but far more than the fortune realised by Sutton's success must have been sunk in less prosperous ventures of past seasons. Our handicap winners of the present year are no very gaudy lot, and we take it we have arrived at one of those occasionally recurring turf epochs when the "duffers" take a gigantic benefit. Some uncertainty existed up to almost the last moment as to the intentions of the Sutton party; but it was too good a thing to let slip through their fingers, and so a Fraulein or Wizard fiasco was happily avoided. Mr. Mannington has not hitherto been one of fortune's favourites on the turf, but no one will begrudge him the lucky turn in his long lane of disappointments, and his "convalescent home" for cripples is likely to be well patronised for some time to come.

SPORT IN CEYLON.

HOW I BAGGED MY FIRST ELEPHANT.

* * *

And where the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, &c.

So sang Bishop Heber; but it is evident that he had not had a hard day's shooting in the Ceylon jungle when he wrote the above lines. Oh! how we longed for that spicy breeze now, with the thermometer at goodness knows what degree, though late in the afternoon and not a breath of wind to cool our heated brows or drive away "them ere little chits o' things" in the shape of mosquitoes, with their infernal ping-ping, that would make even the stanchest convert of Messrs. Moody and Sankey swear both loud and deep. I think it wouldn't be a bad test of the sincerity of some of the converted ones if they were put into a room full of mosquitoes, no curtains allowed, and someone to listen to hear if they swore. None to pass muster that did. I am afraid that the ranks of the elect would be sadly thinned. Speaking of "spicy breezes," I wish some "medium" at home (I know of none out here) would just ask Heber's spirit where these same "spicy breezes" are to be found. I have felt, or rather smelt, none, except in the neighbourhood of coolie "Lines," and they are certainly "spicy" there with a vengeance. Only why he should have selected Ceylon when he could get the same kind of "spicy" scent nearer home I never can find out. He might just as well and as truly have written—

Where London's spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Isle of Dogs.

Four of us, "jolly good players every one," lay panting on the ground, longing, as I have said, for the spicy breezes that never came, and contemplating our day's bag; and not a bad bag either, considering that two of our party were new hands at big game. One cheetah, two sloth bears, and three deer headed the list, while we had also bagged sixteen couple of snipe early in the morning and some jungle fowl. Just before camping we had come upon the track of an elephant, and were determined to follow him up next day despite the prohibition in force to shoot elephants without a licence.

I don't know anything in life pleasanter than, after a hard day's shooting, to stretch oneself out before a good log fire, a substantial dinner of one's own killing inside, with a stiffish "horn," to keep it company, and a good "drawing" pipe in your mouth, there to lie and fight the day's battles o'er again, how you missed this and hit that, and then the long yarns of past hunts and speculations as to future ones. We were all in a great state of excitement about the elephant, as we had been told that there had been none seen near where we then were for some time, and we consequently didn't expect to get a shot, as they generally make their neighbourhood pretty well known to the Cingalese villagers by destroying their crops, &c., especially "Rogues," and it was evidently a gentleman of that description whose track we had come upon.

Jack P. was the only one of us that had ever shot an elephant, and we all naturally wished to add the "Blue Ribbon of the Jungle" to our sporting laurels. He was the only one, too, that had brought an elephant gun with him, a great huge thing like an old Brown Bess, but beautifully "got up," although we all had our ordinary rifles besides our "centrals." We were all admiring the workmanship of Jack's gun, and I asked him how and where he got it.

"Well, the fact is I won it, and in rather a rum way, too," said he. "I was shooting down near here about two years ago with Bob H—, who had just come out from home. I had

only a common Enfield, while Bob had this thing here, which he was very proud of. Just after we started in the morning we came right on a "rogue," and, it being Bob's first chance, he fired and missed him clean—nervous, I suppose, as he wasn't forty yards off. The brute was away before you could say the traditional Jack Robinson; never thought of charging or anything, but went clean away. We followed his track all day, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, as we were creeping through some scrub to get on a little bit of patena (grass land) that lay beyond, I happened to look up, and there stood our friend on the other side of the patena, about sixty yards off, looking straight at the spot where we were. Down I went as flat as I could lie, and motioned to Bob to creep up close. It was my turn this time, and I was determined to have him.

"Better have my gun," whispered Bob, "you'll never kill him with yours."

"Devil-a-fear," said I; "see if I don't." Just as I was taking aim Bob again whispered,

"I'll bet you my gun to a rupee you don't kill him."

"Done!" said I, and fired.

"Down came Mr. Rogue like a stone, and dead as a door-nail. It was the best shot I ever made in my life, and won me this gun, which isn't a bad one in its way."

After this we went off to sleep, to dream of massacring whole herds of elephants. We were up again by daylight, and, after "cunjee" (breakfast) and a smoke, we prepared to follow the "rogues" tracks. We soon hit the trail and then went into Indian file, and followed it up as silently and quickly as the dense jungle would permit. We had been going this way for about two hours when we came upon a stretch of patena (grass land), with a sort of island of jungle in the middle. From the tracks, the elephant had evidently made for this, but whether he had come out on the other side or not remained to be seen; so we agreed that Jack and his cousin should go round the patch to the other side while I and Harry H. followed the track. We had just got to the edge of the patch, and were waiting to give Jack time to get round, when we heard a shot and a loud halloo, followed by a great crashing of jungle.

"Bolt for that tree there," I shouted to Harry, while I prepared to run for the nearest shelter, in case the brute was "wicked" and we missed him, as Jack had evidently done. I had hardly turned than, with a crash, out came the huge brute. Harry, like a fool, fired right at his broadside, which he no more felt than if it had been a wasp's sting; and on he came right at me, his trunk waving in the air. I knew it was no use firing then, as his trunk protected the vital spot, and I gave myself up for a "gone coon," when suddenly, as he was about thirty yards off, down went his trunk.

"Now's the time!" thought I; and, glancing along the barrel, aimed at the fatal spot and fired. A stumble, then a great lurch, and down he came, almost at my feet—a victim to one of the most "flukey" shots ever made by man to save his life; at least, I wouldn't guarantee to do it again, although far from my thought was it to say the same to the others as they came hurrying up, and whose congratulations, and "Finest shot I ever saw in my life, by Jove!" I took in a noble and becoming spirit.

We drank peace to his bones there and then, and had a war-song round his carcass. He was a regular "rogue," and had very poor tusks, both being broken, and only three or four inches remaining. We had no more sport that day, as we had only brought our rifles, and didn't come upon any big game.

That night I tasted, for the first time, one of the greatest delicacies of the sportsman's menu—viz., baked elephant's feet—and then went off to sleep—"To sleep; perchance to dream. Ay! there's the rub." Hamlet must have been in the habit of eating elephant's feet; for if you want a really good, honest nightmare, with no humbug about it, you ought to try that dish. I was being continually awake by my companions, who complained that I made such a row in my sleep that they could get none, and I, on my part, had frequently to do the same to them.

This was the only elephant we got that expedition, though we got lots of other game; but "the day I shot that rogue, you know?" will always be a red-letter day in my sporting diary; and when I return again to the "old country," I hope a rich coffee planter, and take unto myself a smiling "brow," I am glad in the thought that my children will be able to say unto other children that "their papa once killed a great big elephant."

All sportsmen in Ceylon are delighted to hear, that the Prince of Wales is going to visit the island, and he certainly ought to have good sport if he goes the right way about it; but, unless a special kraal is got up, his Royal Highness will find elephant-hunting, under a tropical sun, much harder work than shooting Lord Tankerville's wild cows, or stalking red deer on the breezy hills of Bonnie Scotland.

[The courteous Ceylon correspondent to whom we are indebted for the foregoing interesting contribution writes to us:—"When the Prince of Wales comes out here, if there is any sport going on, I shall be 'there or thereabouts,' and if you think that a chronicle of his sporting doings would interest your readers, I should be very happy to send you one. A notice in your 'Answers to Correspondents,' under initials N. M., would, in all probability, meet my eyes, or Messrs. Daldy, Isbister, and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill, will always be able to furnish you with my address. I may say that no paper is more eagerly looked for by the home mail than yours, and it is gradually getting a wide circulation in this district." We gladly accept our correspondent's offer, and cordially thank him for his courtesy.]

MR. JOHN OXENFORD, the *Athenaeum* states, has retired from the post of dramatic critic of the *Times*, and has been succeeded, it is said, by Mr. F. W. Hawkins.

TWO MORE MORNING PERFORMANCES of *Mazeppa*, at Sanger's Amphitheatre, will be given on Monday and Saturday next.

MR. TOOLE will appear at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next.

MR. ARTHUR STIRLING, the original representative of the Schoolmaster in *Leah*, at the Adelphi, was married on Saturday last to Mrs. Louisa Viner, of the principal English and Australian theatres.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, on the occasion of their late visit to the Haymarket Theatre, honoured Mr. Buckstone by inspecting a picture painted by Mr. Buckstone, jun., and expressed themselves in very complimentary terms upon its merits.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—*John Scott*.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

A WRESTLING-MATCH IN MADRAS.

A CORRESPONDENT from Madras sends the following interesting account of the great wrestling-match between the Mysore hero and the Punjaabee champion:—

"We have just come back from watching a wrestling-match between two natives here, and to those who had not seen natives wrestle before it was well worth going to have a look."

"The match was advertised for to-day between the Mysore hero and the Punjaabee champion from North India. The Mysore man has lately won a great match, and was highly elated in consequence; while the Punjaabee had such confidence in his powers that he pledged himself to give up the Sikh religion and turn Mohammedan if he lost the match. These particulars we learnt from a Mussulman Moonshee who came with us in the bandy."

"We drove down to the place, arriving at four o'clock, the time advertised for the match, and learnt that it would not take place till five, so we drove on to the beach and waited there. We presented ourselves once more at five, and were told, to our disgust, that the wrestling would not take place till half-past. So we took a stroll, and presented ourselves for the third time at half-past five and went in. We obtained capital seats on the reserved side of the ground."

"The wrestling-ground is a sort of paddock, inclosed by the backs of native houses, about thirty yards long by twenty broad. In the centre is a circle some eight yards in diameter, sunk a few inches into the ground and strewed with sand. This forms the wrestling-place. When we came in there were crowds of Mussulmans sitting on the ground, waiting for the match to begin; while police were parading to keep order."

"The rules of wrestling among the natives are rather different to those we are accustomed to in England. Thus, a throw does not count, unless both shoulders strike the ground at the same time. This takes a fair back fall. If a man is thrown flat on his face it counts no fall—that is to say, unless he is rolled over afterwards on his back; if your opponent slips down on one side no advantage accrues to you, except that of position. This match was to consist of one single throw only; but that throw meant a complete back fall."

"After waiting a few minutes, the Punjaabee was the first to put in an appearance; he walked up amidst scrutinising glances, and stood 'within the ring.' He was a great, big fellow, beautifully built, and splendidly developed, with muscles standing out in knots on the arms and legs. He was the same colour as most Punjaabees, light brown; taken on the whole, he was rather a handsome man. In spite, however, of his size and development, we think we have seen plenty of English clowns of better make, taking them all in all. His opponent was not long in following him, he stood up, stripped, and stepped into the sand. He, too, was remarkably well built, but nearly black, and villainously ugly. He was not quite up to the Punjaabee. His muscles were large, and he looked the most wiry and active of the two; but the Punjaabee was the bigger and looked the stronger."

"It seemed quite impossible to tell with any certainty what the result of the match would be."

"They began by standing two or three yards apart, in an inclined position, stooping towards each other, and advancing as stealthily as cats, suddenly making a snatch at one another's wrists and hands and then drawing back with inconceivable rapidity."

"The neck was the great object of attack, and many attempts were made by the native of Mysore to get hold of his antagonist's neck, while the Punjaabee made desperate efforts to clutch his adversary by the neck and force his head down into chancery. After a great deal of dodging, and advances, and retreats, clutches at neck, head, and wrists, the Punjaabee, who seemed the most eager of the two to finish the job at once, and had been acting more on the offensive than the defensive, suddenly made a rush in, tried to close and trip. Quick as he was, his antagonist was quicker, and the Punjaabee hero was foiled. Then time was called and a short interval allowed for breathing."

"Round number two began in right good earnest; each man seemed thoroughly buckled to his work, and in a few seconds the Punjaabee, who was in rare fettle, threw the Mysore man on to his knees; but the latter, giving him a sudden and well-directed push, nearly caused him to change his religion. Both men recovered themselves with marvellous dexterity, and, grasping each other, they struggled up together, the Mysore champion getting upright a little the first; but almost immediately the Punjaabee gave his man a clean throw forwards, and the native of Mysore was discovered lying full length on his chest with the Punjaabee kneeling on his back."

"And now the second act of the drama began. The problem was, having got a man down, to turn him over; and, this is harder to solve than may at first be imagined, for, give him just one moment's law, and he would be up again, as fresh as ever. Stand up, to lift him over, and he would catch you by the ankle, have you down, and reverse the position."

"From this time the contest resembled nothing so much as a 'grovel' behind goals for a touch-down. For a time the struggles of both men were intense, the Punjaabee having to do all he knew to keep his man down at all; and it seemed quite possible that, if the Mysore native could not get up himself, he would pull his opponent down when the latter tried to roll him over. Presently came a pause, which the Punjaabee used to advantage by covering his fallen foe with sand, so as to get the better grip. Skilful as the Mysore champion was, he could in no ways retaliate when in this distressing position. However, he continually made clever attempts to regain his feet, and still cleverer ones to pull down the Punjaabee when he was endeavouring to turn him over. But finally the contest ended by the Mysore champion mistaking his chance to get to his feet, and, after a game struggle right up to the very last moment, the muscular Punjaabee turned him flat over, so that there remained not the slightest doubt in the minds of all the spectators that both his shoulders were resting on the ground, the one throw was given, and the battle was won. H. H. C."

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY has issued a notice forbidding undergraduates to take part in, or be present at, any horse-race. Any breach of the statute is to be punishable by rustication for a term for the first offence, for a year for the second, and by removal from the University for a third.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—The annual dinner of this club took place at the Freemason's Tavern, last Tuesday evening, and was numerously attended, the Commodore (Mr. Cecil Long), presiding, faced by Mr. Lowe, the vice.

"WALKER."—The Milanese journals speak in enthusiastic terms of a new baritone singer, by name George Walker Italianised into Giorgio Valcheri.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 433, Oxford-street, London. Retail everywhere.—[ADVT.]





G.

THE HISTRION'S HORNBOOK.

VIII.—THE CHAMBERMAID.

If it please you, I shall proceed with the lesser luminaries of the stage, reserving for my final advices the tragedy queen, who belongs to the higher ranges of art—and, indeed, stands first there. Advice to her is easy; while, owing to time and chance, and the veering of public opinion, you have so greatly altered in your condition that it is at once more necessary and more difficult to legislate for you. The tragedy queen is untouched by the shocks of time; the roll of the ages affects her not. Dignified as of yore, she nurses tradition in the garden of art. The flowers that she tends may be dank and heavy, with a sickening perfume and the chill night vapours. Their leaves are like those of the cypress; they flourish in beds in shape like unto the graves of men; and the arbour at the garden end is a charnel-house. Solemn and consistent, she moves here unaffected by changes that have wrought so disastrously in other departments of dramatic art.

Your uses have been sadly altered by the silent operations of Time. Alas! even I can recall the period when your functions were more distinctly defined; the time when chambermaids were chambermaids indeed. When I first mounted the cart of Thespis you held a position so differing from that which is now yours that I have, in sooth, a misgiving as to whether I am qualified at all in addressing myself to this part of my task.

Those were the happy days, when the farce was an important part of the entertainment. *Lever de rideau* is an abominable French term that at that time had no place in the stage vocabulary, and the currency of which at present testifies to how great a depth we have fallen. Healthy melodramas and exciting sentimental productions found favour then, and each of these compositions, besides the principal plot, was provided with a second or sub-plot, in which your adventures with the comic man served to relieve the gloomy interest attaching to the chief characters.

The spread of burlesque and of opéra-bouffe has swallowed you up. Your ancient functions are exercised somewhere in the provinces. In the metropolis you are vocal and saltatory in illustration of the works of Messrs. Byron and Burnand, of Messrs. Offenbach and Lecocq. Nevertheless, as this treatise makes some pretence to completeness, I must so arrange my admonitions that I shall first direct such fortunate exceptions amongst you as in provincial exile prove yourselves worthy of the title by which you are described, and then I must advise those who in a different line exhibit qualities long celebrated.

To you, my dear, who in remote dramatic centres give life to the mirth-provoking farce, and point to the elegant witticisms of the melodramatic sub-plot, are dedicated my first remarks.

It is given to you to move the hearts of all; to dry up the tears which have been occasioned by the lugubrious dialogue of the lovers; to treat sentiment in a suitably cynical spirit. I know of no person who at times may have to discharge such varying duties. You may at one and the same time owe an allegiance to your master and mistress, to your young mistress, and to one or two of your young mistress's admirers. To all these you must be equally faithful, and from all of them you must obtain rewards of your fidelity. Besides which you will yourself bear a pretty sentimental feeling for one of the minor characters of the play. All this you may effect by the maintenance of a fascinating frankness and a saucy pertness.

There are one or two actions in which you must frequently indulge, as they are accepted by the public as expressing a bewildering variety of emotions. The first is that of taking the edges of your apron one in each hand, by this means stretching that article of attire, then putting your head on one side and glancing slyly up at the person who addresses you. This simple gesture means more than Lord Burleigh's shake of the head. It means either that you are coy or that you are the reverse. It means either that you are anxious to receive a *douceur* or that you are anxious to communicate a secret. It means either that you are anxious to accept a salute, or that you are on the verge of resenting one with a box on the ear. So slight an effort of expression by gesture conveying such an infinity of meanings, I would have you practise it above all others, and use it more frequently than any beside.

Again: when you toss your head so as to display the pretty ribbons on your cap it may give token either of pleasure or anger. These emotions are, it is true, somewhat different, but by you they must be expressed as though they were one and the same.

When you have a secret to divulge—no one being present—or a monologue to deliver you are likewise restricted to a single method. A certain Doctor Johnson, to whom a too frequent allusion hath been made in these chapters, has cautioned actors against regarding the audience as being anything more than the fourth wall to a room. I take this to be the greatest mistake in the world—unless, perchance, it be one of the Doctor's ponderous witticisms. Pay you no attention to it, but walk smilingly down to the footlights, and with your head stretched over the orchestra, tell your secret to the pit, emphasising it with winks and shakes of the head, and motions of the hand, upon which stage jewellery suitable to your position should sparkle. When you sing your little song assume the same position, but keep your hands in the pockets of your apron.

Should you come to town ambitious to take the lead in burlesque or opéra-bouffe, I would impress upon your mind the necessity of first of all accepting an engagement at a music-hall. Here you will grow bold in the art of clog-dancing. Here you will discover the exact extent to which the public will permit you to go in the use of slang. And here, above all things, you will learn from the star-comiques the genuine method of rendering their brilliant melodies which thereafter will become main features in burlesque.

I can teach you nothing essential to the exercise of your art which you may not for yourself study on the boards of these

establishments. I would not have you remain there, however, longer than is absolutely necessary. Because the tobacco fumes may spoil your complexion. Because the necessity of singing so vociferously may impair the flexibility of your voice. And because we, who seek for amusement in theatres, are impatient till you appear before us.

MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS.

THE PROMENADE CONCERT.

GRAVEN-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, NOV. 15, 1875.

ME DEAR MIKE,—I feel for all the world like Garmany an France at pace, but not knowin when the war will break out. I have nayther tale nor tidins of the widdy since; an whether she's puttin me in the newspapers, or swearin against me in the police-courts, or only callin the neighbours in an tellin them of me doins at the Lord Mayor's Show, I'm as much in the dark as an unborn bat; an, for the matter of me comfort, I'm as little consarned to be enlightened as a woman regardin the grey hairs in her poll.

Well, who do you think I met last Sathurday evenin but Larry Donovan, of Glenary. He's lookin five years younger than when I saw him last. I told him so, an axed him what excuse he had for dhroppin behind me in that way an makin a show of me.

"I'm married," sez he.

"Married!" sez I, lookin at him wud all me eyes (I have the two yet, thanks to me not meetin the widdy since). "Married to what?" sez I.

"Well, as your so partickler," sez he, "it's to a woman; an you needn't look at me as if I was a burnin mountain or dacent glass of whisky in England."

"Don't sthree your coat," sez I; "I meant no offence; an I partly guessed she was more or less of a woman; but was she a widdy?"

"No," sez he, wud a laugh, "an I main to keep her from bein wan as long as ever I can. It's Bridget Hahasey."

After some talk over the ould places and the ould times, we both strolled into Goyent-garden, an from that to Covent Garden Theayter.

I'm told that since I left Dublin they have had promenade concerts in the Royal; but, owin to their takin place when I wasn't there, I didn't get the chance to see them, much less a sight of them out an about.

Well, you must know that Covent Garden is a mighty big theayter, all white and gold and blue, an many other colours as well. It's painted up to look very bright an pleasant; an only the curtains of the boxes is too dark, an look like inflamed eyelids in a white face, I'd have no great fault to find wud the taste of the thing, that is be thrustin me memory, for while I was there I was thinkin more of Larry Donovan than paint.

The inside of the theayter is quite changed. All the sates is taken out of the pit, every mortal thing is cleared off the stage, an the pit an the stage an where the band generally sits is thrown into wan immensity of a room. Over the stage there is gorjus calico stretched, and in little summer-houses off the stage there's gods and goddesses an actors an actresses, all painted on pasteboard. To walk around these summer-houses is like visitin actors at their private houses; an I can't tell you how it is, but after takin wan round of this place I felt inclined to put me hand on me hip, and me hat on three hairs, an give the people around me a touch of "Shamus O'Brien."

In addition to the places where the gods an goddesses an actors an actresses are, there is some for ordinary men an women, where you can go in an sit down at a small table an have anny form of spirituous consolation you require. The great advantage of these summer-houses is that in them you can forget the music.

By openin the heart of the theayter in this way the boxes get to have the quarest look in the world. They seem much farther away from you than when the curtain is down or a play goin on. They appear cold an distant, an more like hospitals for disabled statues than stalls for men an women. I'm sure they must be cowl, an I could no more bring meself to set freezin in wan of them while all the people below was sthravaglin about than I could sit still at a scrimmage an keep tally on a board of the number of whacks.

The middle of the theayter is taken up wud a railed-off place for people to sit, and a large, high platform for the musicians. The people who sit in this inclosure look like criminals in the dock. They seem as though they kem to be thrived be the music, an as they come and go be an undherground passage you could fancy when they were lavin that they had been found guilty be the music, an that they were "To be taken from the place they now stood unto the place from whence they kem, an on the 33rd of September from thence to the place of execution, an there bazoned be the longest-winded bazoner until they were quite deaf, an may no wan have mercy on them for their bad taste."

The musicians all sit on chairs ranged on the large platform. There's a good dail of musicians. A lot of them have a very aisy time of it, and only gives a blast or a scrape or a thump now an then. When I was lookin at them on Sathurday night I couldn't help thinkin what a pity it was to have such able-bodied men lookin unhappy for the want of work. I wonder that the conductor wouldn't give them some other tune to be goin on wud, just to keep their whistles in. Besides, the audience feels it rather hard to be lookin at half what they paid for makin buttons. In the middle of the musicians is the conductor batin time be mains of a stick an his back bone goin like a man's heavin on a winch.

Now an then there's a song, an I must say that there was some good cingers there on Sathurday night. While the band is playin, an while there's nothin goin on, the people walk about chattin an laughin or silent an frownin, accordin to the state of their health; but there's more chattin an laughin than the other things, an indeed the place is so bright an the music so cheerin an the great majority of the people so well disposed that it wud be a sin not to thry an look happy for the sake of them around you.

As you may suppose, walking around an standin listenin to music makes a difference to your legs from sittin down an hearin an opera, an after a bit Larry an meself began to wandher where we could get a sate. We soon discovered them at the back of the platform an we sat down. Now if walkin an standin makes a difference to your legs listenin wud your mouth open makes a difference to your mouth; because the hot air of the theayter gets into your inside and dhries you up an, as a matter of consequence, you feel dhry; an that's the way Larry an me felt dhry.

Larry beckons to wan of the waiters an sez, "Two Billys."

The waiter smiled, but never stirred.

"Two Billys," sez Larry again, lookin at the waiter as much as to say, "Do you mind me brogue is pure Tipperary, so you'd better think of what you're about."

Still the man never stirred.

Sez I, "There's no use in talkin reasonable language to him. Lave him to me." Wud that I turned to the waiter an sez

quite plain, like a placard, "Two halves of Irish whisky, cowl."

Sorrow a fut or hand he stirred, but stud there smilin an rowlin his eyes all round him as if he was expectin to see some wan he sthruck unfair.

"Two halves of Irish whisky, cowl," I repates, shuttin me fist an layin it be the way of no harm on the table before him.

I don't think he admired the fist, for the minnit he saw it he said something I couldn't make head r tail of.

"Look here," sez I, "what you're sayin is nayther Irish, English, nor bog Latin. Don't you thry to come Paddy over me, or I'll show you what the real thing can do." And I hit the table a thump of me fist. "Bring the lick or—" an I ran me eyes round to see where we'd have the ring. You see I thought he was throwin me country in me face be lettin on not to be able to undherstand me in the regard of me brogue.

Just then up comes another waiter, an he sez, "Any orders, gentlemen?" in a foreign tone.

"Yes," answers Larry, "tell that omadhawn to bring two halves of whisky an to look sharp."

At them words the second waiter sez something I did not ketch to the fast wan, an off like a shot he ran an was back like a carrier-pigeon to a young brood.

"Why didn't he bring it when I told him," I axes the second waiter.

"He's French, like meself," says he.

"French!" cries the two of us.

"Well," sez Larry, "I'm proud to see ye, and what's more I'll stand dhriks, though for the matter of that it's ye ought to stand, since we gave you MacMahon for a President. We're Irish."

"Veev MacMahon!" "Veev Erelongdays," sez the two. But they couldn't take the dhriks, it being again rules. They took a shake hands and a shillin aich.

Your lovin cousin,

ANDY O'ROURKE.

To Michael Crotty, Esq., South King-sthreet, Dublin.

CURLING IN SCOTLAND.

BLAIRGOWRIE.—The local curlers had their first essay at the "roaring game" for the season on Saturday. The opening match between the President and Vice-President of the Blairgowrie Club was played on the Lochy, and resulted in a draw. The members of the Rattray Club also enjoyed a friendly game on their pond at the Muirton.

BRAEMAR.—A capital game under the skipping of Mr. Hendry and Mr. M'Hardy, with picked teams a side, was played on the Old Pond on Friday, the 12th inst. Score:—Hendry, 17; M'Hardy, 14. Saturday was a great field-day on the ice, play beginning as early as 11 a.m. The following are the two leading games, both contested with undaunted zeal on excellent ice:—Mr. Aitken, banker, and team v. Mr. Swan and friends. Match closed at nine to the former against seven to the latter. In the other the game was J. Hendry v. W. L. M'Hardy; closed at nineteen to the former and twenty-two to the latter. Mr. Chamberlain, Ardmore Cottage, entertained the knights of the broom to a comfortable luncheon at the club-house.

DUNKELD.—The members of this division of the Dunkeld Curling Club had several pleasant games in Poolney Loch last week.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.

The members of this club held a meeting last Monday, at the shooting-ground, Preston, near Brighton. Proceedings commenced with a 1 sov handicap sweepstakes. An optional sweepstakes, at five birds each, was likewise brought to an issue, and, after an exciting contest between Mr. Seaton and Mr. Vaughan, the latter won at the first round of the tie. Mr. David Hope-Johnstone (28) and Captain Edwardes divided a sweepstakes of £2 each, after grassing two out of three. The club will hold another meeting on Monday next at Preston, and on Thursday, Dec. 2, an elegant free silver cup will be shot for at Preston. The International Gun and Polo Club will give special prizes to the winners at their Clifton meeting, Dec. 15. The arrangements for the fancy-dress ball, which takes place in the evening of Dec. 2, at the Pavilion, Brighton, are progressing most satisfactorily. There will be three bands, and no one acquainted with the many facilities offered for flirting at the Pavilion can doubt that this ball will be one of the most attractive of the Brighton season.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW will be commenced, at the Agricultural Hall, on Monday, Dec. 6, and be continued for the four following days. The fact of the Prince of Wales being this year's president has given an amount of prestige to the club that has enabled the council to largely extend the prize-list and introduce various improvements, and measures to prevent the possibility of contagion, both with regard to transit and after admission, will be enforced. With this object special regulations have been adopted. No animals (cattle, sheep, or pigs) exhibited in any other show within one month previous to Dec. 3, 1875, will be allowed to be exhibited at the Smithfield Club show this year, and each exhibitor is required to deposit not only a certificate to that effect, but also one with each animal that it has not been for fourteen days previous to its leaving home for the Smithfield Club Show in contact with any animal suffering from contagious or infectious disease. Further, all animals are to undergo a veterinary examination previous to entering the doors of the Agricultural Hall, and suitable covering is to be constructed over the outer yard to enable this to be properly carried out. The show will this year be divided into forty-seven classes, exclusive of the extra stock—viz., thirty classes for cattle, fourteen for sheep, and three for pigs. The money prizes alone reach to over £2000—viz., for cattle, £1275; sheep, £690; and pigs, £140. In addition to these there will be a champion plate of the value of £100 to the exhibitor of the best beast, the £50 champion plate for the best pen of sheep, the cup of £50 each for the best steer or ox and the best heifer or cow in the classes, six £40 silver cups for the best specimen in the Devon, Hereford, Shorthorn, Sussex, Scotch, and cross-bred classes, and ten £20 silver cups for the sheep and three £20 cups for the pig classes. These, exclusive of the medals, will bring the aggregate value of the prizes to be awarded at the ensuing show to considerably over £3000.

ELTHAM SPRING MEETING is set for Feb. 1 and 2, and the Summer Meeting for June 5 and 6.

THE EARL OF DUDLEY has, according to a Copenhagen correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, arrived at the west coast of Schleswig, where he has chartered a small steamer, the Nordfriesland, for the purpose of shooting wild ducks at long ranges.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 8s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallu, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

NOTES ON NORWAY.

BY "STRAXT."

It has always struck me as a singular fact that justice, as administered by courts of law, is such a very different thing in England to what it is abroad when an alien is interested in an attempt to obtain it, or the next best thing to it. Here, if a foreigner is "in trouble," he has more consideration shown to him than if he were a native of the country. On the Continent an Englishman is the last person to be considered when involved in any difficulty, whether he wants to prove a right or whether he is called upon to prove that he has not been guilty of a wrong. Let an Italian cut-throat or a professional swindler from anywhere out of England find himself in custody and every leniency in the way of adjournments, bail, interpreters, and so forth is only too readily accorded to him. He is allowed the assistance of an officer of the court to help him to find his own counsel, and not unfrequently does the presiding magistrate go so far as to suggest to him the best way of defending himself. Every loophole is provided for his escape, and he certainly gets quite his share of justice in the true sense of the word, and perhaps a little too much extra of that commodity thrown in. But, however much we may talk about international reciprocity, and a universal code of law, and other phrases invented to throw dust in other people's eyes, a trip across the Channel or the North Sea will soon convince the Britisher that things are done "with a difference" over there. "*Civis Romanus sum*." I want to take no advantage of you. I merely want my rights. If there's anything to pay I'll pay it, and if you owe me anything I expect you to pay me. If I've broken your laws let me know what things I have done that I ought not to have done. We should do the same for your people in England," is the natural and logical argument of an educated Englishman. But he's altogether out of it. A shrug of the shoulders expressive of pity for such ignorance, an intimation that "the tight little island" has no jurisdiction, and that consequently *Nous avons changé tout cela* are about what one has to be satisfied with by way of explanation. And Norway is no exception to the general rule.

I have had several difficulties with the authorities in Norway in my time in the character of complainant, and I have once had to appear in a police-court as defendant. Some brief account of the fate of my applications to be treated like "one of themselves" in the one case, and of the manner in which I was found "not guilty," and was subsequently compelled to compensate the prosecutor, may be interesting, and possibly instructive, as a warning to others. For some time back I have carefully avoided having anything to do with the law of the land in any capacity whatever, and I mean for the future to have as little to do with it as possible.

To begin with my one personal experience of the working of the criminal law of Norway, I must go back some twelve or fourteen years. I was travelling with a friend from Bergen to Christiania by the old road over the Fille-Field and through Laud and Valdres, and en route we came across some fellow-countrymen bound in the same direction. As a party amounting to six in number, which we were before we reached the Ingösen Lake, at that time found a good deal of difficulty in the matter of getting a sufficiency of horses, we did not attempt to forestall each other, but agreed to be mutually accommodating, and some of us walked, while others drove and carried the heavy luggage of the pedestrians. About two or three stations from Gjøvig, where the steamer stops, it happened to be my turn to drive a stage. We could only get four horses, and I noticed that all the luggage was allotted to the poorest-looking animals of the lot, one of whom, the worst of all, had the extra burden of the skydsgut, a hulking hobbledehoy, added to what was already as much as (with the driver) was an average weight to draw. To myself was given the best horse, and no extra weight was added to my carriage. I was preparing to take the lead; but the lout in charge explained to me, so far as I could make him out, that my horse wouldn't go nicely except as the last of the string. I took him at his word; but we had not gone more than two or three miles before an idea struck me that there was something more in it than met the eye. It became clear to me that the slow, heavily-laden cripple was to lead the party as a pace-maker; and I could see from the way my own horse wanted to get on that, if I got in front, I could, without any over-driving, save time by pushing on to the next station to order fresh horses. I shouted out to the others to get out of the way, so as to let me pass them; and, though the skydsgut made a kind of insane rush at my horse's head to check my progress, I succeeded in attaining my object. I was engaged in making the necessary arrangements for our journey to the next station when my *compagnons de voyage* arrived. It happened that one of them, who was about my own height and build, wore a suit of clothes very much like mine in colour, and to that circumstance I account for the subsequent proceedings. Entirely innocent of having done anything calculated to annoy anybody, my friend, H. T., found himself shot out of his carriage, the shafts of which were on the ground, the horse having been taken out by the morose young man before mentioned. Human nature, British or otherwise, could be hardly expected to stand such treatment, and the noble art of self-defence was at once brought into play, but only to the extent of one knock-down blow at the expense of the Norwegian. His friends didn't seem to care about backing him up, so, after an interview with the nearest pump, and after spluttering out several unintelligible threats which rather lost expression in consequence of his having bandaged his face up to an extent which looked as if he was qualifying for being a mummy, the young man borrowed an umbrella and started off in the same direction as we were taking. We thought no more of the matter, and by an early hour all of us, with the exception of myself and one other member of the party, were in bed in Gjøvig. I was just thinking of turning in myself when I received a deputation headed by a couple of police-officers and including the skydsgut and a native who, having resided in England, was to act as interpreter. The boy having intimated that I was the person "wanted," one of the officers handed me a summons, of which the following is a copy:—

"I shall take the liberty to inform you, that you, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, *have to meet* at the court of the police on account of the *affaire* with your coachman."

This unique document bore the signature of the chief police-officer of the place, and had been written out for him by the interpreter. It was useless for me to protest and urge that the boy had made a mistake, as he stuck to his statement. The next morning, acting on the advice of the friendly interpreter, who called on us early to tell us that, whether I was or was not the guilty person, an appearance must be put in at the police-court, four of us, including myself and H. T. (the latter being instructed not to show himself until it was absolutely necessary), waited on the magistrate at the appointed time and place. The prosecutor proved his case to the satisfaction of himself, the Judge, and of an old man who seemed to act as a sort of bottle holder. This having been done, H. T. appeared on the scene, upon which the complainant promptly remarked that he had made a mistake, and that H. T., and not myself, was the party who had struck him. I asked him if he was

clear on the point several times, and he replied that he was so. Upon this I demanded that the case should be dismissed as against myself, and urged, on behalf of H. T., that the boy was not to be believed. The magistrate then asked me if I disputed the case; to which I replied that, as the prosecutor had withdrawn, so far as I was concerned, there was no case to dispute. The boy again admitted that there was no charge against me; but the Judge ruled that, as I was charged with the offence and denied having committed it, I must be sent for trial at the next sessions, or whatever corresponded to such a tribunal in Norway. As this would have involved bread and water by way of diet and the rolling of a kind of barrack-yard by way of exercise, my prospects for some time to come looked gloomy, to say the least of them. Ultimately, after further argument, the magistrate gave his decision, to the following effect: that it was clear to him that an assault had been committed by an Englishman; that he had an Englishman in custody; that he meant to keep that individual in custody to answer for the assault; but that he would consent to the matter being squared if the prosecutor was so minded. The prosecutor was accordingly "spoken to," and expressed himself agreeable, and fixed his *douceur* at about two dollars (9s.), whereupon his bottle-holder interposed and explained that he was throwing a great opportunity away, and told him something to the effect that he was ashamed of him, as it was plain we were in a hurry to catch the steamer, which was then in sight. In the end, five dollars settled the matter—three of us paying one dollar apiece, and allowing H. T. to pay the odd two, as he had had the satisfaction of knocking a man down. So much for my experience in a Norwegian police-court. The moral of it is that under any circumstances, never mind what provocation you receive, don't hit a Norwegian. Imprisonment, without the option of a fine, is the penalty, and the magistrate cannot modify it.

Whist.

ILLUSTRATIVE HAND.

In the subjoined game the players are supposed to sit round the table in the order given—A and B being partners, against C and D. The index (♠) denotes the lead, and the asterisk the card that wins the trick.

THE HANDS.

B's HAND.

Spades —Queen, 10, 9, 7.
Clubs —Knave, 10, 6.
Hearts —King, 10, 3, 2.
Diamonds—4, 2.

C's HAND.

Spades —6, 5.
Clubs —Queen, 3, 2.
Hearts —Ace, 5.
Diamonds—King, Queen, Knave, 7, 6, 5.

D's HAND.

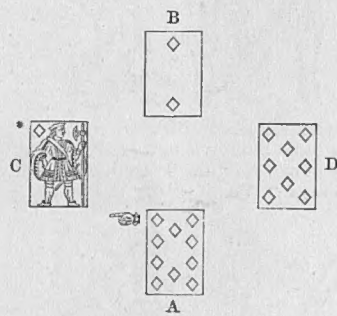
Spades —Ace, Knave, 3, 2.
Clubs —Ace, King, 9; 4.
Hearts —9, 7, 6.
Diamonds—Ace, 8.

A's HAND.

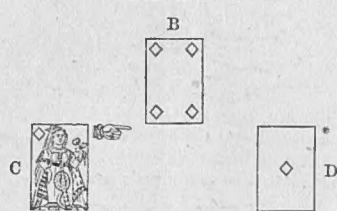
Spades —King, 8, 4.
Clubs —3, 7, 5.
Hearts —Queen, Knave, 8, 4.
Diamonds—10, 9, 3.
Score—A B, 4. C D, 2.

D turns up Knave of Spades.

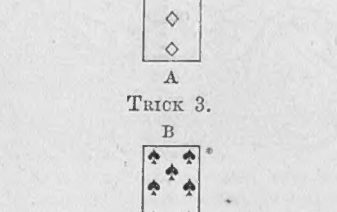
TRICK 1.



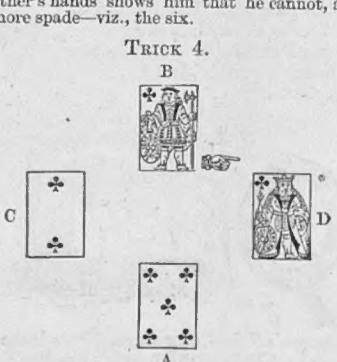
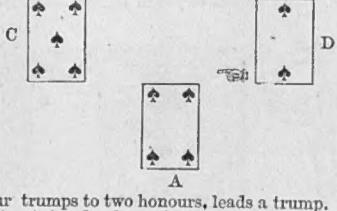
TRICK 2.



TRICK 3.

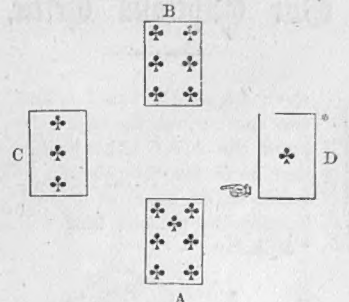


TRICK 4.

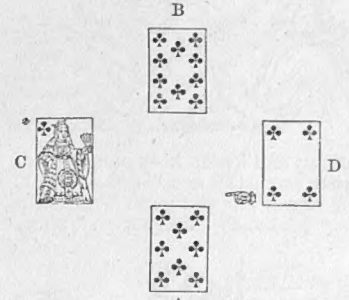


B ought to have opened the Heart suit.

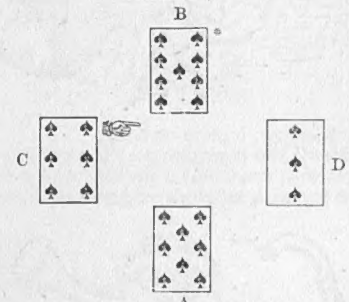
TRICK 5.



TRICK 6.

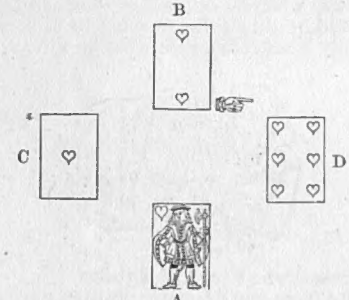


TRICK 7.

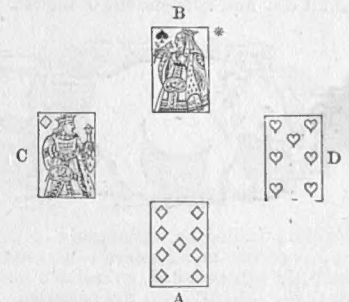


It is now clear to D that A must hold either King or Queen of trumps. Chas neither (see Trick 2), and if B had both he would have put one on at Trick 7. Consequently D can do no good by taking B's 9 with the Knave, and were he to put on the Ace he would run a great chance of having both his remaining trumps drawn. Besides, by passing the trick he compels B to lead a heart up to C.

TRICK 8.

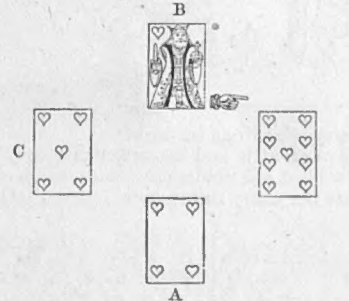


TRICK 9.

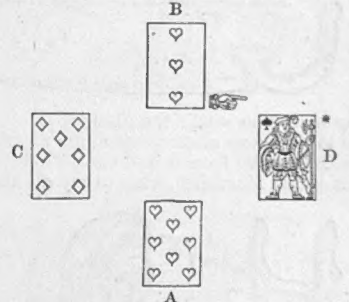


B knowing D to have turned up the Knave of Spades, properly trumps with the Queen. D, seeing that the only chance of saving the game—assuming the King of Hearts to be against him, which it must be unless C has played a false card at Trick 8—is to make his Knave of trumps on the third round of Hearts, then draw the trumps, and make his long Clubs, wisely declines to overtrump, and discards a long heart.

TRICK 10.



TRICK 11.



TRICK 12. D leads the Ace of trumps, and then the long Club, winning the game.

WORMS IN DOGS.—Important testimony to the excellence of Naldire's Powders. "Scalford, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1871.—Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs, probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldire's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy for dogs.—(Signed) M. B. Wynne." Naldire's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street.—[Advrt.]

Our Captious Critic.



HAVE frequently heard actors, in criticising one another, use the expression, "He doesn't know the A B C of his profession." In order that he (I use the pronoun collectively) may learn it as soon as possible, I beg leave humbly to present him with the annexed "alphabet:"—



is the Author, and legion his name,
Who profits by stealth and believes that it's fame;
He pilfers from Paris and prigs from Berlin,
And loudly proclaims "adaptation" a sin.



is the Box-keeper, buxom or bony,
Who "does" the poor playgoer out of his money;
She snorts with contempt if he sixpence puts down,
And sneering with triumph extorts half a crown.



is the Critic, who strives to be just,
Gives praise when he can and condemns when he must;
He is hated by actors and dreaded by duffers,
While only himself is aware what he suffers.



is the Dresser who once had a vision
Of infinite fame and dramatic position;
Now he fetches the porter and helps on the tights,
Is doleful all day and despondent o' nights.



is the Elephant trained up at Sanger's
To lead a procession 'mid Eastern clangours;
When carefully whitewashed, at casual sight,
You'd let them persuade you the beast was born white.



is the Fairy who sings tra-la-la;
She lives in an attic and keeps her mamma,
Till the wicked old nobleman comes in his carriage,
And offers her every inducement, save marriage.



is the Gasman who works the lime-light,
And has to be sworn at on pantomime night;
Also the Gods, who have found out of late
A person called Mortimer, whom they all hate.



is the Hallkeeper, old and rheumatic,
Who refuses admittance with gestures emphatic;
But, I warrant me, many an amorous note
A post-office finds in his rusty old coat.



is the Journeyman Carpenter, clever,
To prop up the Drama's his endless endeavour;
If only the pen he were able to sway,
Not one of your authors could write such a play.



is the Kitchen-Maid, in the first piece,
Who is always in cupboards concealing police;
Her notion of humour is blackening her face,
And her highest idea of wit is grimace.



is the Leading Young Lady, who "feels"
That she's better than Siddons or twenty O'Neills.
If you asked me in confidence what school supplied her,
I should guess the funereal school of Jack Ryder.



is the Manager, rude and imperious:
Where he finds money is more than mysterious;
Because you can see that he counterfeits joy
When he says "We are doing big business, my boy."



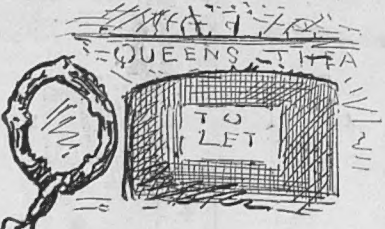
is the Nobleman, hoary with age,
Who has a pass-key to the back of the stage.
When you notice him making to ballet-girls offers
You've a clue to the manager's mystical coffers.



is the Orchestra, never in tune,
From the first violin to the only bassoon.
So says the conductor, at least, in dismay,
"Sopristi! My heart dey vill break, dese Anglais."



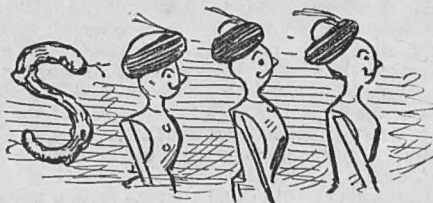
is the Public, on whom all depends;
And woe to the show that their virtue offends.
'Tis also the Pantomime—rather bewild'rin'
To middle-aged people, but heaven to children.



is the "Queen's," in Long Acre. It's lease
Was about to fall into the hands of police;
But a constable never shall sully the board
On which Ryder has ranted and Rignold has roared.



is the Renter, who always has rows
Because they won't pass him in free to all shows.
Whatever he mean, or whoever he be,
He has somehow been always a puzzle to me.



stands for Supers, who fancy (poor devils!)
They'll find on the stage a relief from life's evils;
But when Manager Northwind doth blow them (poor things!)
Like the robins, they hide themselves under their "wings."



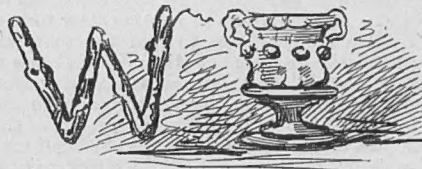
's the Tragedian—kneel down and adore him;
Awe-stricken multitudes tremble before him.
'Tis also the Treasury, which, at the portal,
Makes that same tragedian confess himself mortal.



is Utility struggling for notice;
Iron his lungs are and timber his throat is.
And whether he plays you a prince or a peasant,
His gait is uncouth as his voice is unpleasant.



is the Virtuous Vixen, who vows
"A profesh'nal shall never reside in my 'ouse!"
That she's the uncleanest of sluts and of slovens is
A fact known to those who have travelled the provinces.



well may the Wine-cup suggest,
Which the hero of melodrama proffers his guest.
"Gramercy, fair Sir, I will pledge ye me daughter:
Drink deep! it won't hurt ye—it's only toast-water!"



the Policeman, of course, in the pantomime
(Pray you excuse me, so badly I want a rhyme).
To mention this officer's name is enough—
The droll indescribable Lionel Brough.



is the Youth who a third of his salary
Weekly devotes to the front of the gallery.
He gazes his soul away, night after night,
To a danseuse of fifty, in dreams of delight.



is the Zeal with which Puritans preach
Against plays and the horrible vice that they teach.
But the play-house and pulpit, from Shakspeare to Beecher,
Have but taught us that man is a mutable creature.
And in spite of the folks who would drive him one way,
If he must have his sermon, he will have his play.